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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXIV No. 2271 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 31 1943

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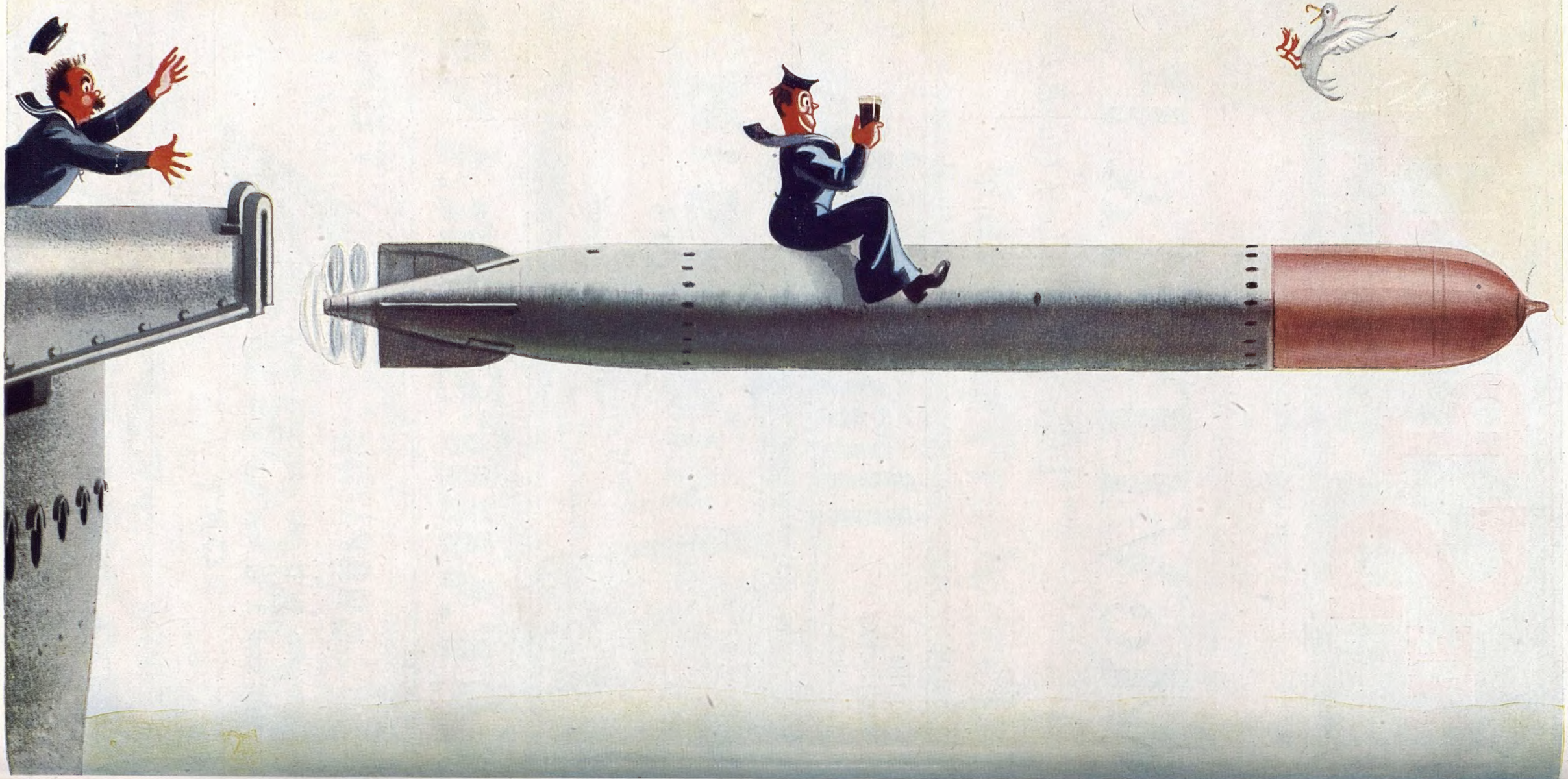

Drawing by J. Gilroy

Volume CLXXIV No. 2271 The SPHERE, London, July 31, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

WHEN MUSSOLINI BEGAN HIS "MARCH" ON ROME AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS FANTASTIC CAREER AS DICTATOR OF ITALY: An historic picture taken on October 24, 1922, four days before the "Hundred Thousand" set out to establish the Fascist Regime

Benito Mussolini, the ex-Socialist agitator and the ex-Dictator of Italy for twenty years, has gone—after a career unparalleled in modern times. His sixtieth birthday on Thursday last, July 29, was celebrated in disgrace: and thus the founder of modern Fascism has passed from active participation in the affairs of a nation which he had brought to the brink of disaster. The picture which we reproduce above was taken in Naples on October 24, 1922, during the Fascist Congress in that city. The die had then been cast. Four days later the "Hundred Thousand" had begun their march on Rome. The weak King refused to stop the Fascists, the Government was overthrown, and soon Mussolini had become Prime Minister, and then Dictator. The men seen in the picture are Terruzzi (on extreme left); the swaggering Italo Balbo, who became Marshal Balbo and who was killed over Libya quite early in the war; Mussolini, wearing his black shirt and (typically) spats; de Vecchi; and Padorini—all leaders of the nascent Fascist Party. Soon these men were all occupying high places in the Italian Government. (*See also p.* 131)

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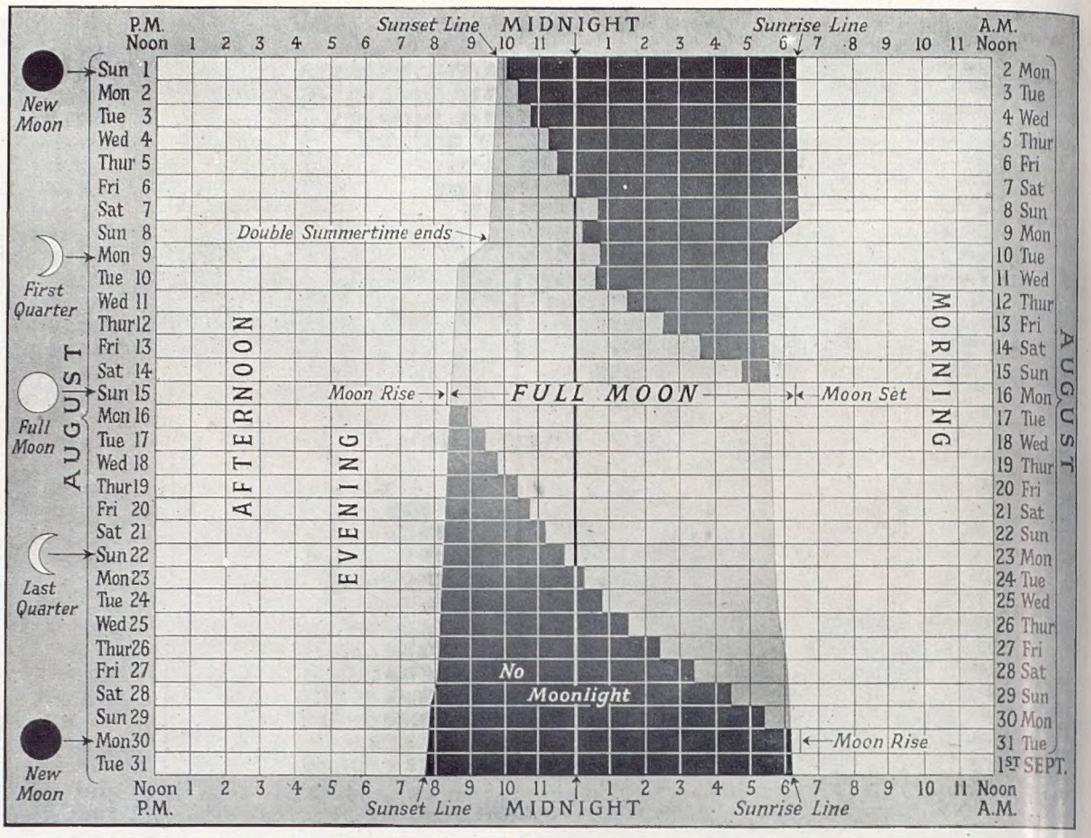
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 204

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Climax in Sicily.—Whether or not Italy (and Hungary) are putting out serious peace-feelers after the fall of Mussolini, the writing is more and more clear on Italian and Balkan walls. There is not much left of the Nazis in Sicily at the time of writing, and there will be much less (if any) at the time of publication. Catania has proved a hard nut. The Germans put up a good show there, better than anticipated and deserving of chivalrous tribute, since they fought surrounded by enemies, veiled or open. But while Catania held out, the Americans were swiftly painting the island in Allied colours, and when Palermo fell to them on July 22-23, Marsala and Trapani virtually fell with it and 40,000 more Italians; and the end of the affair surely was in sight. The Nazi north-east tip narrowed and shrank thenceforward hour by hour, and Messina lay open to another and swifter prong. Thus in a bare fortnight the Allies made themselves three-parts master of a great bastion "as impregnable as the Channel Ports wall." It was a big achievement. The Italian divisions added to the bag may be small game; Palermo is another story. This is a magnificent harbour, of great strategic importance to our Fleet and air fleets. It can handle capital ships and has superb airports. It points to Sardinia as well as to the vital mainland of Italy, and adds another note of interrogation to the quiz-list of the Nazis and the Fascists, their Admirals and Generals and air chiefs and defence chiefs. The assault on the "underbelly" is already being felt at the monster's heart. In a word, the affair moves swiftly to an important climacteric (whatever shade of meaning may attach to this Churchillian word-picture).

Bomb Rome?—Well, it 's been done, with all the ancient forms of chivalry of the Ivanhoe period of total war. We told the Italians when to expect us and notified the targets to be attacked, evacuated and prepared for defence. And since our "chivalry" was (in naked fact) only designed to take the wind out of the "vandalism" propaganda of Goebbels, a pre-cum-counter-propaganda, let us consider the event with realism. It will provide a red-hot correspondence topic—in the Press a red-hot propaganda weapon for days to come. I shan't waste sentiment on it. Why not Rome? I had a great love of the Temple Church and other historic or beautiful monuments of old London, of Canterbury, Coventry, and so on. Not that *that* would make me approve a vengeance-vendetta with ancient monuments and works of art. For that would be mere gaminism run bedlamite. But Rome houses the Fascists, is a railway bottleneck for Nazi reinforcements for Sicily; it turns out war material from many factories, it is the seat and centre and capital of Fascism at war, and its presses roll out insults and hate and lies directed towards countering our very natural will to win. It houses my old flame Gayda, and it was good that Gayda should get a jolt and at least acquire a distant familiarity with the meaning of that modern war which the one has glorified so continuously, and the others have done hitherto so very little to condemn, while Hitler was on top. It houses many ancients monuments also, as did London. But, after all, it is possible to become enslaved to treasures. Civilisation undoubtedly in the past century has thought too much about the dead, too little about the living, and worshipped the past at the expense of the future. I am glad the Colosseum escaped with a shaking, but if it had been less fortunate, I dare say its site would have afforded an excellent foundation for modern hygienic workmen's flats. Bomb Rome? Why not? No reason at all to give timous notice to the guard next time. War is destructive. We are fighting for life and for the living first and foremost, and if the destruction of every treasure in Rome will shorten the war by a single day, the treasure-house of civilisation will be well lost. In short, in the immortal words of that old Newmarket trainer (I 've forgotten his name again) who was persuaded to take his holiday in Rome: "Rome? (spit). You can 'ave Rome." But what you *can't* have, if you want to pull any surviving singed chestnut of civilisation out of the fire, is total war for ever and ever. The Arch of Constantine is good, but Peace is better. The Arch of Titus is good, but Mussolini in the bag is better.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Loyalty: General Ritchie.—Loyalty is a great virtue, in no profession more essential than in the fighting Services. (We are lucky in finding it so strong a quality in the Premier.) The trouble about loyalty in the Services is that it is so complex a quality. It doesn't mean only loyalty to those above you. It doesn't mean only loyalty to those below you and in your charge. Sometimes, according to circumstances, the one is a more urgent loyalty than t'other. And there are other loyalties mixed up with the big loyalty (which is loyalty to your own conscience, in a word). "To thine own self be true." There is a man—a General—who to-day, I believe, is proving the possession of the perfect combination of loyalties. He is a soldier little spoken of to-day. He is somewhere in Britain where he has won the respect, love and devotion of all who are in contact with him. He has been an Army Commander in the field in North Africa. He was dumped into that heavy responsibility at a moment's notice and was required to build up again a crumbling organisation "with worn-out tools." It was perhaps a job beyond the powers of a superman. To-day, he has revealed all the powers of a superman. No one has ever heard from his lips one word of self-justification, of self-pity or of criticism. He shouldered his new job with all the keenness and energy of a promoted officer, and he has won the highest place in the opinions of, and proved himself an inspiring influence for, all who serve under him or have dealings with him. If ever a man satisfied the impossible conditions of Kipling's "If," this soldier has done it. I, for one, hope that his reward will come in this war, and that much more will be heard of him—and more widely.

The Common Enemy.—The war is going well. There are signs all over Britain and America of people preparing to be complacent—to sit back and watch the drama, from the stalls and boxes, developing in our favour, filling up the time in the intervals with pleasant pre-occupations of a personal kind. A corrective view is not ill-timed. Complacency is criminal lunacy. Time is the common enemy. The war is now more dangerous than the Nazis. We are preparing our "black-out" for the fifth war winter. Here are items from the debit side of four years of total war. The men, women and children of half-a-dozen European countries are dying like flies from starvation, murder and unjustifiable manslaughter. The world was never so much in need of leadership from the best youth of all classes and countries; and every day in hundreds these natural leaders are being killed. The world was never so much in need of moral regeneration, and the Children's Courts are working overtime to deal with young criminals. Common honesty and sexual morality have reached (by all accounts) a new nadir in Britain. War and suffering, which for a while refine and ennoble the spirit of man, have reached a stage when rather they harden men's hearts, dull their souls, atrophy their senses and brutalise their natures. After four years, war is all evil. There is nothing we can do about it, because we are in the main doing all we can to end it quickly. But anyone who fails to accept Time as the common enemy and War as the common enemy is himself the common enemy of mankind. For every day the war continues, by so much is the hope of permanent peace and a happier world not only postponed, but weakened. Each day sows another batch of landmines in the way of resettlement, another embittered and cynical citizen, another gap in the thinning ranks of natural leaders, more permanent criminals, another mischief-maker of the Claire Booth Luce type, another batch of hardened hearts, another desolation where once was beauty, hope and plenty. It does not do to sit back and be complacent. It is almost fair to say that there is no expedient, however terrible, which could not be justified as a means, if it could hasten the end of this now all-evil war.

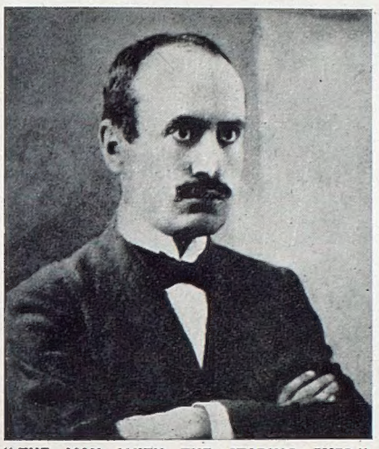
. . . A Non Lucendo.—Mrs. Claire Booth Luce is one of the enemies of the Allies and of Peace; and nine times in ten the enemy of mankind is armed with the most dangerous weapon, ignorance in reckless hands. That this woman is not typical of America lessens her danger, but does not remove it. The Indian Army is recruited mostly from the Punjab and contiguous States and districts. The Punjab, Rajputana and Nepal are not, and never were, conquered countries. In the Sikh wars, our opponents were mainly some Sikh barons and French adventurers. The Sikhs for decades have been, and to-day are, the flower of the Punjab and Indian Army. In 1849 the Punjab joined the Empire, being annexed at its own request to the Crown. In our wars, from 1857 to date, the great Indian Army, of which the Sikhs are the nucleus and corner-stone, have proved a corner-stone of the Empire's war effort. There has never been conscription in the Punjab. Every man has been a volunteer; not one ever chose safety for higher pay; not one ever abandoned a position or his officer, or let his unit down. They have poured out their blood for the Empire and causes in which they believed. The Indian Army is recruited from a group of nations, clans, tribes, States, impelled by a tradition, an heredity, a sense of honour, beyond the comprehension of a Mrs. Luce; human entities too noble and too precious to deserve or justify betrayal and surrender to alien enemies.

THE OLD STAGER

The PASSING of the "BULLFROG"

Pictures of the Italian Dictator, who has now been Forced Out of the Political Scene in Italy after Twenty Years of Arrogant Domination

THE TWO MEN WHO ARE NOW AT THE HELM IN ITALY: The little King, who is under 5 ft. in height and who for twenty years has been under the thumb of Mussolini, now emerges from the shadows as the Head of the State. Marshal Badoglio becomes "Prime Minister and Chief of the Government"; he has long been a political opponent of Mussolini, and has always been considered to be the leader of the anti-Fascist Party in the country. He is seventy-four years of age, and Italy's most distinguished soldier



"THE MAN WITH THE STARING EYES." A portrait of Benito Mussolini at the age of twenty-two: in those days he was a violent Socialist and the opponent of all ordered government

MUSSOLINI AS THE DICTATOR OF ITALY. A picture taken in April 1943, after the Duce's last-but-one visit to Hitler. Even so recently as then, he was still firmly in the saddle

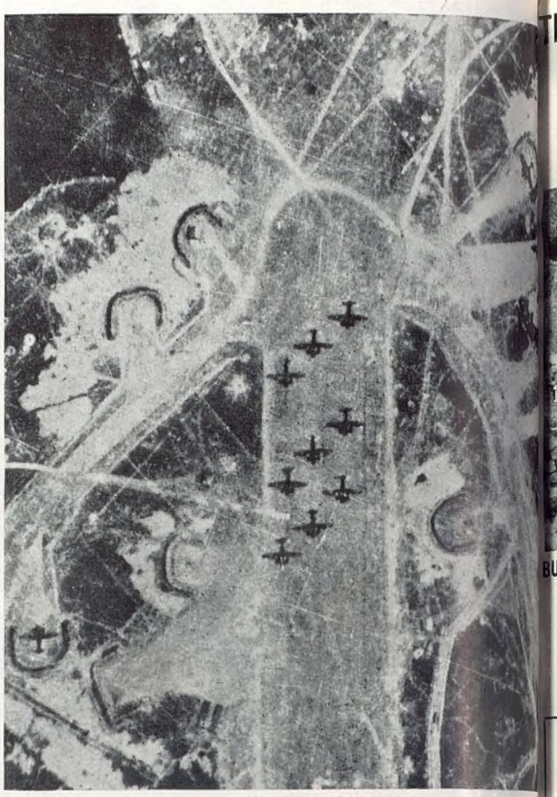
TWO STUDIES OF THE EX-DICTATOR AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER, when he was using all the artifices of eloquence to persuade the Italian people of the military might of the State he had built up for them. His appearances before the populace (usually on the balcony of his *Palazzo*) were always heightened in the most dramatic manner, and his theatrical nature delighted in threats and bombast of the most extravagant kind

THE TWO DICTATORS PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER FOR THE LAST TIME. A picture taken at the beginning of April 1943, when Hitler and Mussolini conferred together for three days—over Tunisia, and the coming threat to Italy. We shall, for the future, be spared from having to witness such spectacles again!

IN 1938, WHEN HITLER AND MUSSOLINI MET IN MUNICH: When this picture was taken in 1938 the two Dictators had met to settle the problem of the Sudeten-Germans in Czechoslovakia. Mussolini had just arrived in Munich, to be met by Hitler: the two are here driving to the former's hotel. At that time, it seemed as if the whole of Europe was theirs to play with! Mussolini, in particular, had reason to be happy—with Spain "taken care of," and Germany paying tribute to his genius and political dexterity, all seemed to be going well. Up to that point the Dictator's whole career had been one of almost unbroken political success

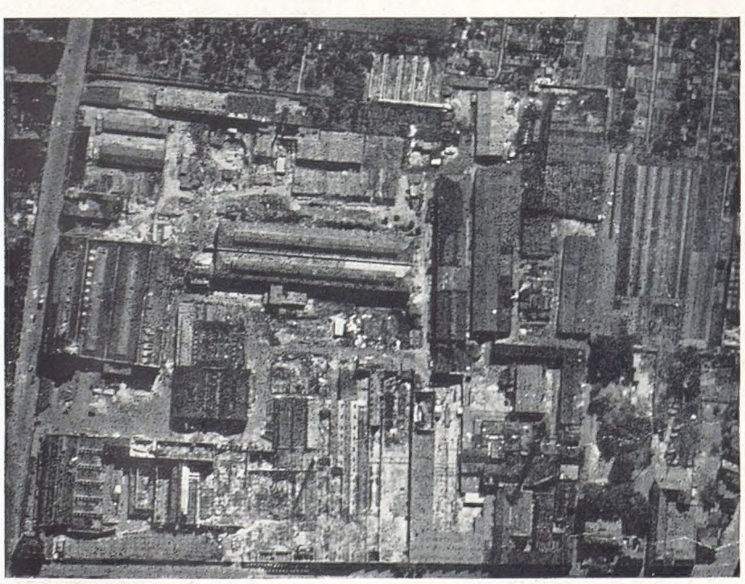
PARIS—THE BASTILLE DAY RAID ON THE FOCKE-WULF REPAIR FACTORY, when American Army Air Force Bombers scored numerous "bull's-eyes" on the Villacoublay Airfield, near Paris

This reconnaissance photograph was taken by the R.A.F. after the great July 14 raid by American aircraft on the Focke-Wulf Repair Shops at Villacoublay Airfield, near Paris. The numbers lettered on the picture point to the following damage: 1—Large double hangar and repair-shop building gutted; the wreckage of at least four aircraft is visible; 2—Another double hangar completely demolished; the remains of ten or more fighter aircraft visible; 3—Three hangar-type buildings used for repairing fighters severely damaged; 4—A hit in the petrol storage area; 5—Large repair shops very severely damaged by high explosive and fire; 6—Major assembly shop and engineering works severely damaged; 7—Large double hangar and adjacent building damaged by direct hits; supply dump also damaged; 8—Numerous bursts on heavy flak positions; 9—Bursts in bomb-storage area. **Note:** A concentration of over 400 bomb-craters is seen on the airfield, including hits near eleven aircraft on the field



BURMA—THE R.A.F. WATCH OVER JAP ACTIVITIES: A pictu made by a reconnaissance machine over Jap-held Toungo Airfield, as a formation of enemy planes were about to take o Note the revetments for the protection of aircraft from bomb-bla

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED FROM COLOGNE: The extensive dama to the Nippes Railway Workshops (at top): below the railw lines in the bottom portion are the Gasfabrik and L. Mellman Works, heavily damaged by fire and high explosives (co *further pictures and notes below)*



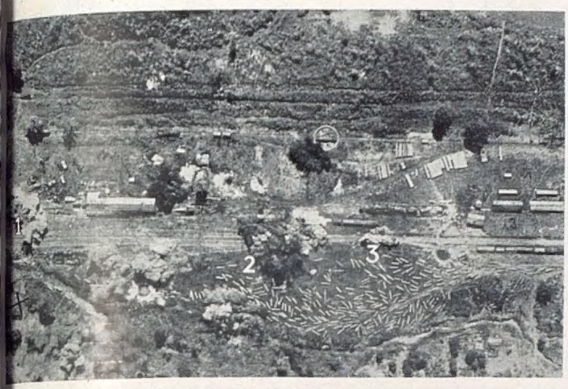
COLOGNE—WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY: FINAL R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHS REVEAL THE FULL EXTENT OF THE DEVASTATION: *On left*—**Very severe dam (amounting to total destruction in some places) among the buildings, workshops and plant of the Humboldt-Deutz Works at Kalk: in this plant, which h been making Diesel engines for U-boats, at least twelve buildings have been destroyed or heavily damaged.** *On right*—**The badly damaged Franz Clouth Rub Works at Nippes**

The concentrated and extensive nature of the heavy damage caused among industrial targets at Cologne—particularly in the Kalk and Deutz districts on the east bank of the Rhine—is revealed by recent R.A.F. photographic reconnaissance. Pictures taken after the heavy attacks of June 28-29 and July 3-4 showed that fresh damage in this much-bombed city was very severe. But smoke from fires still burning prevented a detailed assessment of the full extent of the havoc caused among some of the more important industrial plants and installations. These three later photographs, taken after the further raid of July 8-9, give a clear indication of the we and effectiveness of Bomber Command's more recent blows. As a result of these, product in the Ruhr has been so heavily handicapped that the Germans are trying to evacuate more important plants to districts more remote to escape the further blows of the que growing R.A.F. But this is no easy task—for many reasons. So far, the Battle of the Ruhr gone entirely in the Allies' favour!

The GROWING MIGHT of the R.A.F.

As Demonstrated During Bomber Attacks on Germany, Italy, Occupied France and Burma

—New Reconnaissance Photographs issued by the Air Ministry during recent days

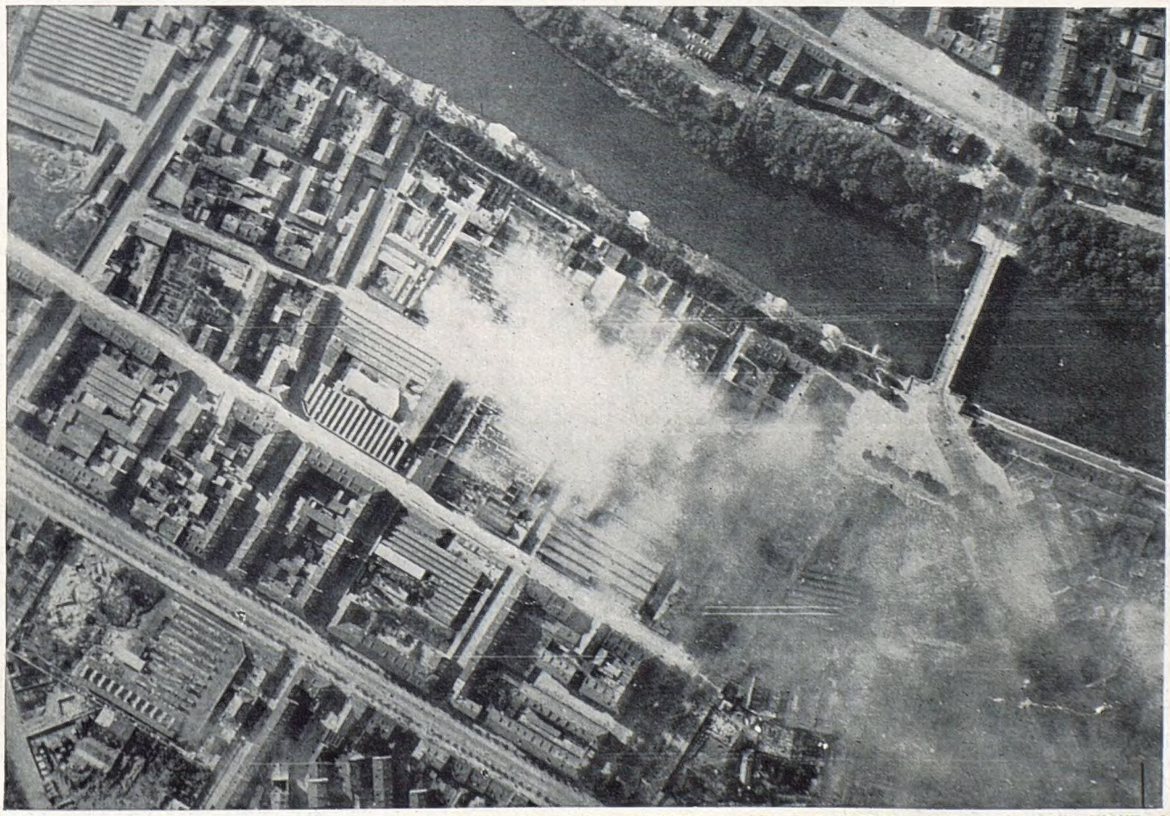


BURMA—R.A.F. BOMBERS IN ACTION AGAINST JAP COMMUNICATIONS. This fine photograph shows what happened to one of the important junctions on the Kwataung-Myitkyina Railway line after it had been attacked by R.A.F. Blenheim bombers. The attack was one of several directed against this particular objective. Hits on the main line and siding tracks are seen at **1, 2** and **3.** In the foreground are teak logs, probably brought down by truck and off-loaded to await floating down the Irrawaddy River in the wet season

On right—This official picture of Aachen still burning is one of the most extraordinary photographs yet taken by the R.A.F. on reconnaissance after a bomber raid on German territory. Eight hours after the last British aircraft had left Aachen (or Aix-la-Chapelle) after the heavy attack on the night of July 13-14, a reconnaissance machine flew over this important industrial centre in an attempt to secure photographs of the damage caused by the raiding force. Pictures were brought back—but, as this one indicates, practically the whole town was obscured by the smoke from great fires which appeared to be completely out of control. The picture on the right shows the central area of Aachen, with the West Goods Depot in the top-left corner. Very many fires are still burning among a concentration of industrial and commercial buildings. (This photograph, incidentally, covers an area of approximately one square mile.) Preliminary interpretation has already revealed that industrial damage throughout the target area has been particularly severe: among the more important factories and installations which have been heavily damaged are those engaged in making optical instruments, machine-guns for Junkers aircraft, power and transformer stations, fuel products, railway wagons, textile machinery, needles and hardware, electrical equipment, boilers, synthetic oil machinery and motors. The never-ceasing blows of the R.A.F. must be causing a severe crisis in German production, and must be having a disastrous effect on Germany's capacity to wage unremitting war

AACHEN—FIRES STILL BURNING IN THE TOWN eight hours after the heavy attack by the R.A.F. on the night of July 13-14. An extraordinary reconnaissance photograph which gives an impression of the tremendous blows being delivered against the industrial centres of Germany at night by the big aircraft of Bomber Command

On right—Photographs taken after Bomber Command's attack by home-based aircraft on Turin on the night of July 12-13 show heavy damage among industrial targets, especially among those on the banks of the River Dora to the north and north-east of the town. Many fires were still burning when the first reconnaissance photographs were taken the morning after the attack. The picture on the right shows the considerable damage among the cluster of factories and industrial plants on the banks of the river. Commercial and business targets which have suffered in this area include two woollen mills, a cotton-spinning mill (which was still burning), a clothing and equipment store, and other concerns engaged in the manufacture or handling of rubber, ebonite, metal furniture and fittings, aircraft accessories and brakes, printing inks and chemicals. Turin has already been the target of many R.A.F. attacks: to reach it from Britain our aircraft have a long and dangerous flight over some of the loftiest mountain ranges in Europe: but this has not deterred them from causing great havoc amongst the towns in Italy's Industrial Triangle in the north



TURIN—SMOKE IS STILL RISING AFTER THE ATTACK BY HEAVY BOMBERS WHICH FLEW FROM BRITAIN ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 12-13. The great industrial centre of Northern Italy is still burning as a result of the raid, during the course of which many of the city's important war plants suffered very heavy damage (see *notes at left*)

The DRAMA of the EARLY ALLIED LEADERS

The Men Who Bore the Brunt in the First Months of the War, and What Has Happened to Them Since. Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

GENERAL SIKORSKI'S violent end added one more name to exceptional eclipse or tragedy affecting political and military leaders who embodied in the public eye the cause of the three Allies, Britain, France and Poland, that went to war in September 1939.

I have rather more reason than most to note this working of fate inasmuch as right at the beginning I selected freedom's paladins and made a book of them. Admittedly, the resultant *Twelve Lances for Liberty* (inadvertently there was a baker's dozen) makes queer reading to-day, in places. Yet, if some of the choices seem strange, in retrospect, it is essential to recapture the outlook of four years ago.

Who knew what was going to happen? Who knew how this and that man were going to turn out? A friend warned me on this score, and I 'm glad he figured in the foreword. "Be careful," he wrote, "of rushing in in laudatory style about men who have been caught at the summit of their careers by an Austrian ex-corporal's mad will to war, men who have yet fully to prove themselves."

Prophetic words! It only needed the star-reading quacks to fill in the destinies awaiting some of these men of 1939.

Daladier lasted six months. The baker's boy, professor of history, provincial mayor, front-line soldier, deputy, conscientious Minister and authoritarian chief went down well at the start. "He speaks like one of ourselves" they used to say in the café at St. Germain, all attentive to the radio. "*Il fait du Clemenceau*" they would comment as he trod the outworks of the Maginot. But he was slipping all the time. The collaborationists have since said he drank and was in the toils of a marquise. What is true is that the reputed "Bull of the Camargue" butted even at his closest aids and mixed his dictating with weakness.

I little guessed, in reproducing so much of his book on Vauban, his hero, that this fortress-builder produced a defensiveness in Daladier which amounted to non-fighting, to weighing every ounce of blood.

Kept by Pétain alternately in old châteaux and prisons, Daladier came briefly to life again at the Riom Trial, though Blum won all the honours of that vital victory for the real France. Daladier is now somewhere in Germany—and will his native Carpentras ever see him again? With uncanny luck, there would be his retirement as a sexagenarian. He would not be punished.

"It is customary, when they are of your side, to praise military leaders until they fail, to excavate everything in their favour." That was done with a vengeance for Gamelin, who proved the most nerveless, passive and plan-less C.-in-C. that ever a great army had. Events showed his calm, blue-eyed gaze to be better suited to memoirs-writing than to the battlefield. Beginning in a Pau villa, his wife beside him, Gamelin wrote endless self-justification and took deeply to religion. He too is in Germany, and already dead to his countrymen. Though should he see France again, he may be deprived of his stars by his own professional caste.

Darlan, it seems, was always anti-British, but it didn't come out until our "treachery" at Dunkirk. He fanned that lie, so easy to foster, as a means to assume the role he had mapped. Not for the first time, an ambitious political admiral aspired to rule France. Darlan waited on Hitler, promised all. But in time the Germans suspected he was playing a game that would cross theirs—and had he not still the Fleet? So he was outed; lay low; and then the accidental appearance at Algiers last November. The Americans testify that Darlan helped all he could thereafter. But the bloody end would only have been postponed, had the youth de la Chappelle not been the instrument.

Two further French choices can only be explained by faulty judgment: General Georges and Air C.-in-C. Vuillemin. It is clear now that Benes and Schussnigg merited inclusion in the twelve in their stead. Yet in September 1939 Benes was nobody and nowhere, and all this resistance was undreamt-of. And Schussnigg might or might not have been dead. Still, looking back, the Czech and the Austrian did represent freedom-leadership against Hitler. General Georges walked into Hitler's parlour, in Belgium. The best one has heard of this soldier is that he wanted to strike at Italy during the phoney war and not wait on Mussolini's pleasure. Subsequently, Georges faded comfortably out in Less Occupied France, on cordial terms with Vichy. Until summoned by General Giraud to Algiers.

Oddly, too, on that same day Vuillemin sprang to life and to the side of de Gaulle. Vuillemin is the only ranker I know of in this war who rose to command in chief. For years he was a tough, professional N.C.O. A rough-and-ready republican, he got the French Air Force too late to do much with it. He had been blocked by politics and venality. On the collapse, Vuillemin asked to be retired; returned to the North Africa whose air routes he had pioneered; and now he, as a colonel, commands a small air unit in Southern Tunisia.

Another doubtful selection was General Noguès. Yet at that time Noguès was No. 1 Allied personage from Casablanca right round to Beyrout (Weygand took over in Syria later), and the French were expected to fight the Italians in North Africa, with Egypt's few British lending a hand. After briefly hesitating, Noguès went completely Vichy, even, finally, to firing on the Americans. He then trimmed and got away with it until last month. He is now in Lisbon and the Germans won't let him into France.

So to Sikorski, a picking in the dark, for at the start he was a nobody in Warsaw. But I had known Sikorski in his Paris exile, at the Café de Flore; knew him as a European who had drawn on French liberalism; sound, tolerant, "of the lighthouse mind"; and I remembered almost the last words Foch ever wrote. "The Fifth Army (before Warsaw, 1920) was commanded by a leader in the full sense of the word, and we witnessed tactical results fructifying and expanding from a correct conception rationally applied and succeeded by a violent execution."

First Lord at the outbreak, Mr. Churchill nevertheless headed the British "lances for liberty." One saw no other civilian in sight to match him then, and there has been none since. His flinging of "we will fight on the beaches" in the face of one who at that moment was pirouetting before the cameras in France, utterly sure of imminent final triumph, was the very stuff of the fight to remain free.

Other British names in everyone's mouth at the beginning were Ironside, Gort and Newall.

In respect of the first, I can only repeat from pre-war documentary knowledge that the Field-Marshal foresaw what is now happening to Hitler, that he would "die of over-consumption of foreign bodies," and that Ironside viewed the Eastern Mediterranean as holding our best strategical chance. In his Norfolk retirement, he has been writing a history of Aberdeenshire, where his forebears date back 800 years.

Compared with their French opposites, the early British war leaders have experienced kindly issues. Sir Cyril Newall's is a case in point. After seeing the Royal Air Force sturdily into the war, what kinder destiny than to hand over to a younger man and to leave for New Zealand as Governor-General? Or take the case of Lord Chatfield. Maybe out of mind to-day, but there he was, four years ago, looming very largely indeed, having (we said "thank goodness" at the time) taken over the co-ordination of defence from the worthy lawyer and Church expert, Sir Thomas Inskip. But in the summer of 1940 it was deemed imperative that the Defence Minister should be of bolder stature, and the Admiral retired to Hampshire.

Lord Gort had a more lively experience. As no more than an army commander, he never possessed Haig's authority to refuse to "march" with the French Command. But did he question the leap into Belgium? Well, he was called out of the Dunkirk tangle before its culmination, and, after a protracted period at home, chiefly inspecting, received a post more in keeping with his temperament at Gibraltar, where at that time anything might have happened. The failure of Mediterranean Fascism, Italian, German, French, to fling lonely Britain out of that sea in 1941-42 should give the bile to future Clauswitzes.

Lord Gort was transferred to Malta at the height of the island's defensive struggle, and there he was fortunate enough to be for the next change-over: Malta as base of brilliant invasion.

The baker's dozen was made up by including Sir Dudley Pound alongside his political chief of 1939, and events have far from put the addition out of court. Periodically, Sir Dudley has been accused of gout and *anno Domini*, but he's still there, and so is the Royal Navy, very much so.

But there is one other who should have been included four years ago—Marshal Chiang. Or Madame Chiang. Or both.

All the other famous names now topping the struggle are those of men insufficiently in the limelight at the start or whose countries had not then entered the fight. Stalin and Roosevelt are obvious instances of the latter. And with them, possibly, Timoshenko and Willkie. Willkie may be receding, but he unmistakably carries a lance for liberty.

Generals Eisenhower and McArthur have also come to town in a big way. Nor would Americans be satisfied without the inclusion of misnamed General Doolittle. Nor the French without the nomination of General de Gaulle, regarding whom we shall see what we shall see when France is free again. While, representative of free Scandinavians, there is the fine figure of King Haakon.

And what of our own men who, from other hands, have taken on the job and may well terminate it?

Were there another book to write this September, Admiral Cunningham would figure most prominently therein. Here is a sailor who has been in command through the whole show. For a moment, when he was transferred to Washington, I thought he had gone, too. But he was only planning the biggest invasion up to that time, as he has since planned a yet bigger one. The changing fortunes of his command, and how he met them, ought to provide as bright a naval chapter as any since Nelson's time.

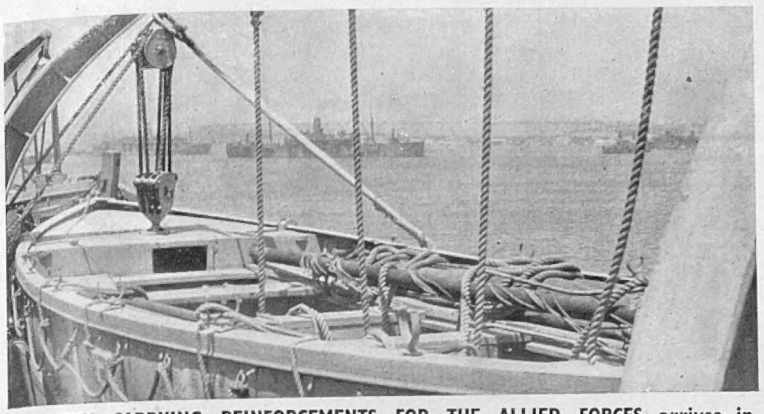
And General Alexander. The publicity-gay Montgomery gains the plaudits (I have yet to hear a cinema clap for Alexander), but isn't there something great about Alexander being the last off Dunkirk and the first to set up military government, as a conqueror, at the other end of Europe?

Air Chief-Marshal Tedder walks into history over his "carpet" of invasion. And if titles spoke faithfully, it should be Lord Harris of the Ruhr.

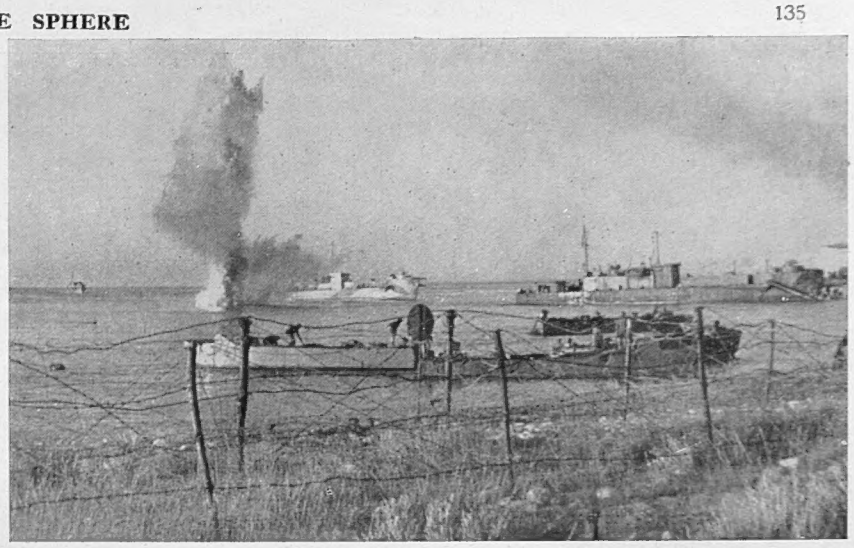
TWO MEMBERS OF THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY MEET IN BERLIN. This picture, showing the elegant proportions of one man and the carefully disordered hair of the other, was taken in April last on Hitler's birthday, when "Reichs Marshal Göring congratulated the Führer in the name of the Army and the German people." Since then, Tunisia has gone and Sicily is going; and the Russians have hit back hard at the Germans on the East Front. Consequently, the public appearances of both German leaders have not been so frequent as of yore!

The SCENES on the BEACHES

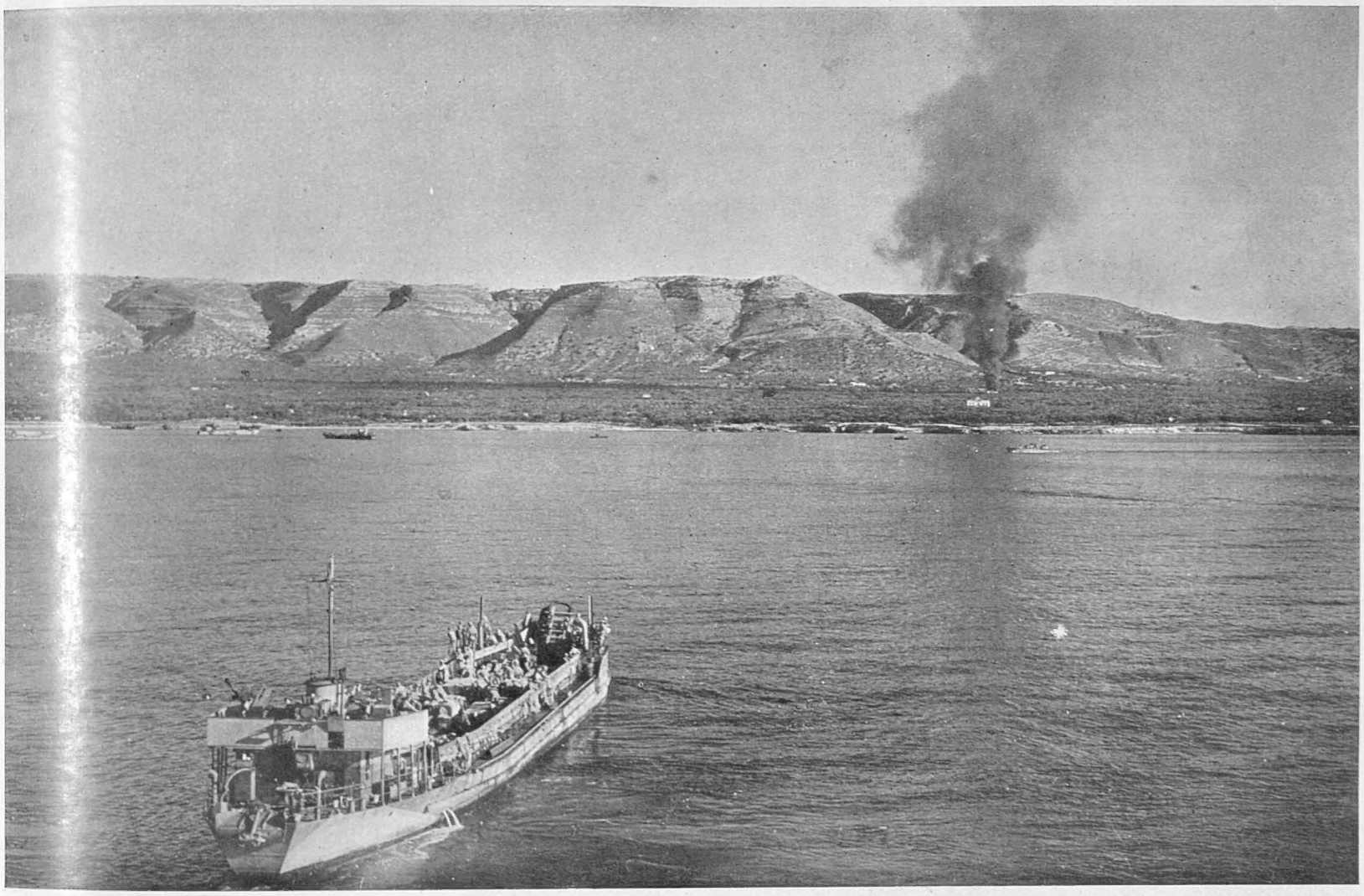
How the Royal Navy Made the Landings Possible in Sicily
—Striking New Photographs which have Just Arrived in England



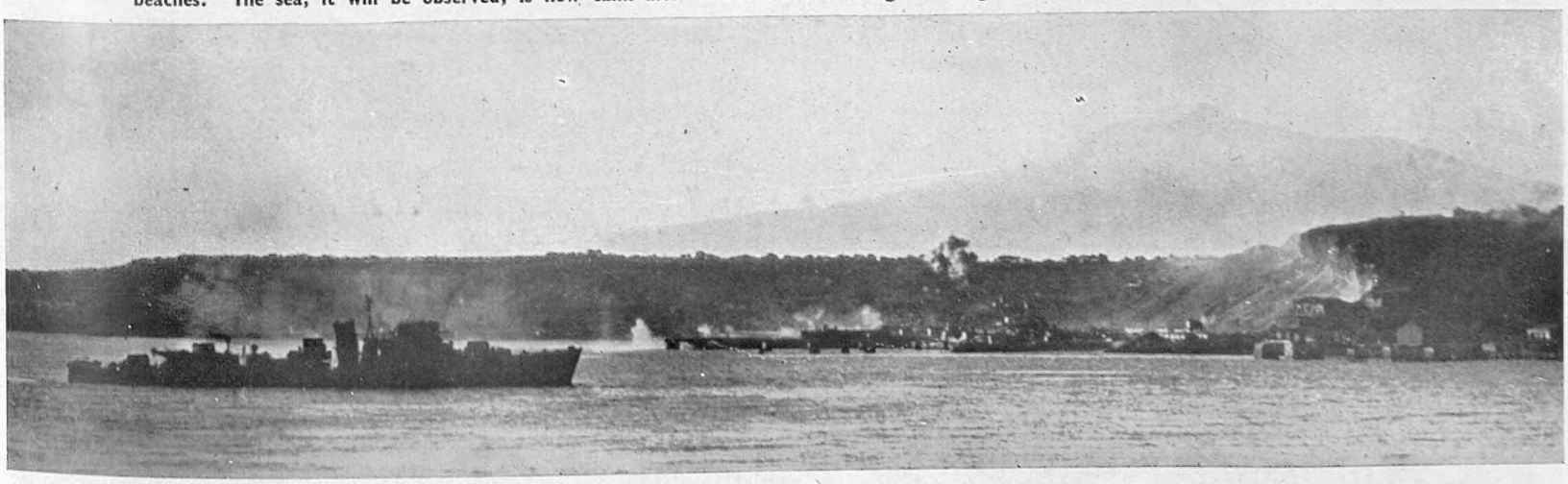
A CONVOY CARRYING REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE ALLIED FORCES arrives in Syracuse. Ships of all sizes went right into the port, after its capture in the first few hours of the invasion. Syracuse was the first harbour of size to fall, and was soon being put to the greatest use



NEAR MISSES AS ALLIED LANDING CRAFT PUT TROOPS AND MATERIAL ASHORE at Cassabile. The comparatively fragile barbed-wire defences are seen in the foreground: landing craft are already close inshore, and are encountering the first response of the coastal batteries, which was nowhere strong



FIGHTING WAS STILL GOING ON ASHORE WHILST THIS PICTURE OF LANDING CRAFT WAS TAKEN OFF AVOLA on the morning of the invasion. The picture was taken by an official Naval photographer from one of the troopships: on shore a dump is going up in flames and smoke, and the hills of the Sicilian shore line are clearly visible. Many of the smaller invasion craft are already close inshore, and another tight-packed vessel in the foreground is heading for the beaches. The sea, it will be observed, is now calm after the storm of overnight through which the crossing to Sicily had to be made



INSIDE THE HARBOUR OF AUGUSTA: A British destroyer of the Hunt class (of 900 tons) engages the shore batteries and machine-gun posts within the harbour, while Commando troops make for the shore in their landing craft. Note the smouldering cone of Mount Etna in the background. Augusta, some miles to the north of Syracuse, was captured on July 13, its deep-water harbour providing a fine port of entry for the heavy material which the Eighth Army needed for the further advance up the Sicilian coast to Catania

The SICILIANS WELCOME the INVADERS

One of the Most Astonishing Features which Followed on the Allied Landings on the Island

ALLIED TROOPS IN THE AVOLA AREA: Lieut. Vishar chats to two Sicilians as the penetration of the island proceeds. The friendliness of the islanders was one of the most remarkable aspects of the invasion: everywhere the populace flocked out to welcome the Allied soldiers, and showed every sign of being pleased at our advance. This is thought to have been a contributory cause of Mussolini's sensational downfall

SICILIAN POLICE AND CIVILIANS READING THE PROCLAMATION issued by General Alexander which was posted in the main street of Noto after its capture. The whole of the occupied portion of the island is now being administered by Allied officers of A.M.G.O.T.

ISLANDERS RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES as men of a British regiment move up to the battle area. Having fled at the news of the invasion and the rapid Allied advance, the Sicilians quickly returned when they learned that life was to continue as before and that there was no danger to be feared from the British, Canadian or American troops

INFANTRY FOLLOWED BY A "PRIEST" TANK-GUN advancing north of Pachino. On the right of the road townsfolk are returning to their homes in carts, after having evacuated themselves when Allied troops were reported to be approaching their area

CIVILIANS OF THE SICILIAN TOWN OF MILITELLO meet British troops passing through the town with cheers, floral tributes and gifts of wine

TROOPS RECEIVING WINE FROM THE VILLAGERS NEAR ROSOLINI. The people here (as, indeed, everywhere in Sicily) were very friendly, giving the men fruit as well as wine as they chased after the quickly retreating enemy

The most amazing feature of the invasion of the island of Sicily has been the response of the civilian population. At every town and village scenes of almost rapturous enthusiasm greeted the entry of Allied troops, and nowhere was hostility encountered, even from the police and the local Fascist officials. Very soon after the establishment of British rule in the occupied portions of the island, a Military Governorship was established, with General Alexander in command: officers of A.M.G.O.T. were put in charge, and life for the inhabitants continued as before. It is considered that this amazing attitude of the civilian population, with its implied contempt of Fascist rule, materially hastened the fall of the ex-Dictator Mussolini

THE BRIDGEHEAD: A GLIMPSE OF A CORNER OF SICILY AFTER A FOOTHOLD HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED ON THE SHORE as the result of the biggest amphibian operation in history. The assault craft had gone ashore first, and the infantry aboard them had pushed straight on into the interior. After them on to the narrow strip of beach came tanks, armoured vehicles, supplies and stores, unloaded from the big tank landing craft which came close inshore. This particular strip of Sicily was ours! The invasion of Europe had begun

The INVASION of SICILY

The Complete Story of the First Week, July 10 to 17

The Establishment of the Allied Bridgeheads on the South-Eastern Coast of the Island, and the Subsequent Advances into the Interior and Towards Catania

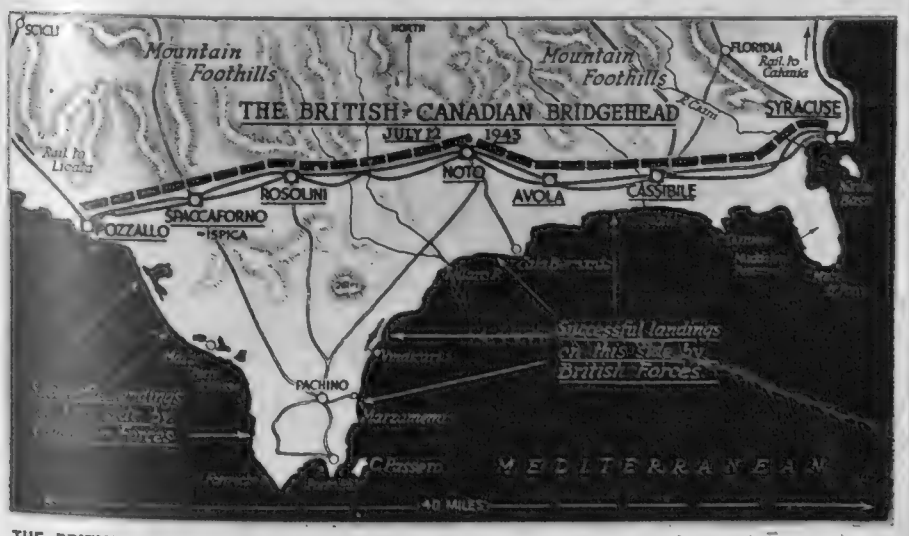
—Fully Illustrated by Sphere Artists

IT was on FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 9, that the great armada sailed across the Mediterranean, reaching the coast of Sicily in the early dawn. The passage had been stormy, the wind reaching gale force, and there was a swell along the destined landing places. Invasion barges, merchant ships, destroyers and hundreds of planes arrived on time on the south-eastern corner of Sicily, and the troops scrambled through the surf, waist deep, to reach the beaches.

By 6 a.m. all landings had been secured and the troops were advancing inland. The American troops had landed at Gela; the Canadians on the western side of Cape Passero; and the British on the eastern side of the Cape. No enemy aircraft interfered with the original landings and the resistance of the coastal force was slight. All day long the Navy was bringing more troops, vehicles, stores and equipment. Airborne troops and paratroops had been landed some hours before the invasion boats arrived, to seize certain strategic positions. Syracuse was captured by 9 p.m. on Saturday, the 10th, the first day of the invasion, affording a splendid harbour for the landing of reinforcements and heavy guns. The port and harbour were undamaged, the enemy not having had time to carry out any destruction.

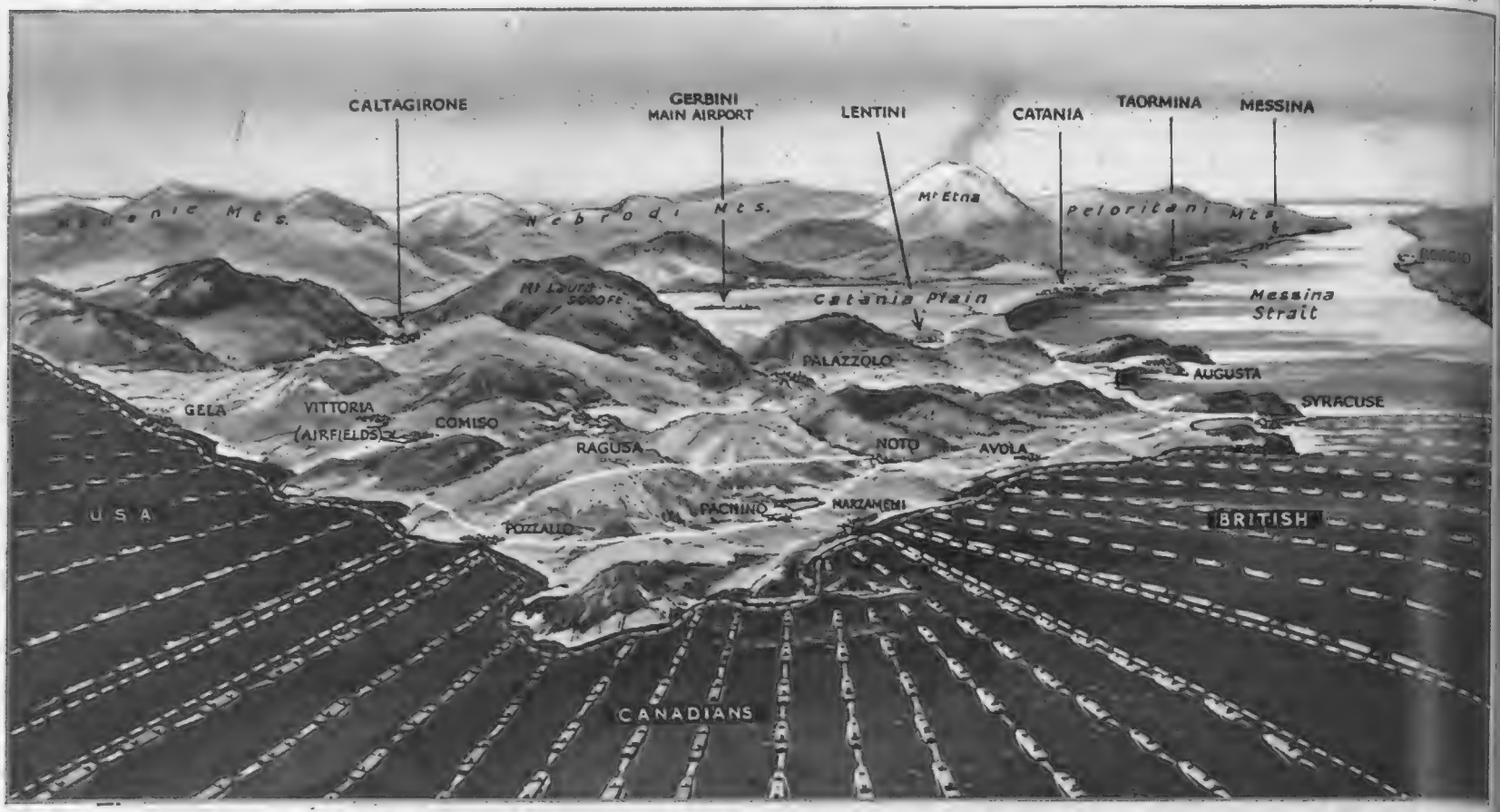
ON SUNDAY, JULY 11, the Canadians captured Pachino, and its aerodrome, on the southern tip of Sicily. Noto, a little further north, was taken by 11.30 that morning, and during the afternoon the small port of Pozzallo surrendered to the

(Continued on following pages)



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN BRIDGEHEAD ON JULY 12 stretched from Pozzallo on the west to Syracuse on the east. As soon as the landings had been made on the 10th, a general advance into the interior began, and stores and supplies began pouring on to the beaches of the newly established bridgehead

On right—WITHIN THE FIRST WEEK, THE PLAIN OF CATANIA HAD BEEN REACHED. The Eighth Army captured Scordia and Lentini, its two key points; put the Axis airfields around Gerbini out of action; and began the pounding of Catania by land and sea and air. Within the Plain, most of the German defenders of the island had been massed to give battle and to bar the way to Messina and the north



HOW THE JOINT BRITISH-CANADIAN-AMERICAN BRIDGEHEAD WAS SECURED BY A TRIPLE MASSED LANDING from thousands of ships and landing craft at the south-eastern tip of Sicily. The British landed on the extreme right of the area, joining up quickly with the Canadians (in the centre) at the little town of Pachino which was jointly occupied by both forces. To the Americans was assigned the western area centring around Gela and Ragusa; subsequent operations took them west and north-west, with a general deepening of their position towards the interior after heavy Axis attacks had been successfully beaten off. Cape Passero, regarded as the southernmost point of Sicily, is actually an islet: it lies just to the south of Marzamemi in the above view—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE CANADIANS LAND FROM THEIR ASSAULT CRAFT AND STORM ASHORE NEAR PACHINO: Cape Passero and its lighthouse is seen on the right—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The whole of the Pachino Peninsula was overrun within 24 hours by the Canadians—and the main invasion bridgehead had been established, with very little opposition from the defenders. Apparently, the enemy had been counting on the sand bar, 50 ft. off shore, as a natural defence. The Canadians surprised them, battling ashore waist-deep through the heavy surf. The Italian beach defences consisted of strands of barbed wire and a few machine-gun posts: the latter fired a few bursts and then quit; the barbed wire "folded up like a concertina." Within a matter of minutes, the Canadians were on their way inland, with scarcely the loss of a man. In the above drawing, the two figures in the foreground are carrying one of the portable radio sets with which British and Canadian troops are now equipped

THE INVASION—The First Week, July 10-17 (*Contd.*)

commander of a destroyer. At four o'clock the same afternoon a British destroyer and a Greek destroyer entered the port of Augusta, north of Syracuse. There was some sharp fighting near Floridia, where British troops came up against German forces, but the sharpest conflict was at Gela, where the Americans had to face a strong counter-attack.

The enemy came over the plain, a dried river-bed, to the east of the town, and forced their way, with forty-five tanks, down to the beach. The Americans turned their field-guns on them, firing straight at the tanks, knocking out nineteen, causing the rest to retire. By the end of the day all the beaches were firmly held from Syracuse to Licata, the Allies were already using the captured airfields, and reinforcements of all kinds were pouring in. The weather had improved somewhat, and the swell was subsiding.

MONDAY, JULY 12. General Eisenhower visited Sicily, seeing the troops there. It was learnt that the Eighth Army, under General Montgomery, were holding the coast from Cape Passero to Syracuse. The Canadians were going northwards from Pachino, while the Americans were at Licata, Gela and Scoglitti, and had made contact with the Canadians. Avola and Rosslini, two towns on the coastal railway from Syracuse, had been captured.

TUESDAY, JULY 13, marked a great advance for the Allies. The Americans took Comiso and its aerodrome as they marched towards Ragusa, where they met the Canadians, who had captured Isfica and Modica on their way north to Ragusa. At Modica they had taken General Davet, of the 206th Italian Coastal Division, prisoner.

Ragusa was a most important point to capture, as it lay across the road and railway westward from Syracuse. The Americans had also occupied Palma (a town on the coast north of Licata), Naro, a few miles inland, and Ponte Aliso, an airfield near Gela. The Eighth Army had taken Floridia and Priolo, on the way to Augusta, which they occupied. It had previously yielded, almost without resistance, to the two destroyers. Palazzolo had also fallen, after some

Below—**TROOPS DRY THEIR CLOTHES ON A SICILY BEACH after having waded ashore from the landing craft. In the background is part of the vast Invasion Fleet which sailed from North Africa. Leading up from the beach are the sandy, hummocky hills typical of this part of the island**

THE VERY IMPORTANT PACHINO BRIDGEHEAD, KEY-POINT IN THE LANDING OPERATIONS. It is a promontory which terminates with the Cape Passero islet: it provided an area of wide landing beaches and space in which to deploy immediately. The enemy had expected a landing on the west of the island, with Trapani and Marsala and their useful quays as the lures; strong forces had been concentrated there by the Axis and had to be hurriedly transferred to the east and south-east. Meanwhile, the Allied bridgeheads were being consolidated. Pachino was the little town where Canadians and British joined up. Catania, scene of the strongest Axis resistance, lies outside this view towards the right, farther up the island's east coast—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

fighting which took the troops into the mountain area of Monte Laura.

The Allies now held the railway from Syracuse to Palazzolo round to Ragusa. According to Sertorius, the German radio commentator, the British had only got a limited supply of artillery ashore at this time, but the large guns of the British Fleet and the Air Force fully made up for the lack of it.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, there was a general move forward, though there was more severe fighting than on the previous day. The Germans counter-attacked at Augusta, breaking through the British screen, cutting off the troops in the town. But the Eighth Army fought back, driving off the enemy, remaining in full possession of the valuable port. They advanced to Mellili, capturing it, and also Brucoli, on the coast, and were on the verge of the Catanian plain. Seven airfields were in possession of the Allies, the most important being Comiso. Twelve thousand prisoners had been captured.

Heavy fighting took place on THURSDAY, JULY 15, when the Axis forces put up a fierce defence. The Canadians had advanced north from Palazzolo, through a ravine, and occupied Vizzini in the early morning. A sharp counter-attack drove them out, and throughout the day there was a long struggle for the town, both forces gaining it and then being forced out, till by the end of the day the Canadians succeeded in driving off the enemy and holding the town firmly. Vizzini is a key-point for communication with the west and centre of Sicily.

At Lentini, the Germans had massed tanks and artillery, holding a bottleneck entrance to the plain of Catania, where the great lake of Lentini, sea marshes and numerous small rivers make approach difficult.

FRIDAY, JULY 16. The Americans made advances along the hilly country, capturing Canicatti, Riesi and Niscemi. The Canadians took Scordia, some ten miles to the north of Vizzini, and the Eighth Army continued the struggle at Lentini. An appeal to the Italian people was issued by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill.

ON SATURDAY, JULY 17, a week after the invasion began, the Allies had succeeded in capturing a large part of South-East Sicily. Agrigento, the largest railway junction on the south, was captured, and Caltagirone was taken without any fighting. The Germans were forced back from the hills down on to the plain of Catania, and Lentini was occupied.

JUST AFTER DAWN ON THE MORNING OF JULY 10. Men up to their waists in the water unload stores from the landing vessels: meanwhile, on the beach, working parties are preparing roads for heavy and light traffic. The landing craft were brought in until their bows grounded: the vehicles they bore had been specially treated, each exposed part being waterproofed in case it was necessary to land them in two or three feet of sea water. As they came ashore, the vehicles were driven over the bumpy beach to the hastily constructed tracks and then on to the roads and paths leading inland. Few Axis aircraft appeared to hinder the progress of the landing operations, and at some of the beaches the enemy's opposition was but slight

The Invasion of Sicily

HOW THE MEN WENT ASHORE

Official War Office Photographs taken as the Troops Made their Landings and then Consolidated their Shore Positions

PIONEERS AND SAPPERS WADE ASHORE IN SICILY, carrying their specially packed equipment shoulder high. Behind are the two principal types of landing craft employed in the operations

Accompanying the invaders on the island of Sicily are a number of Army photographers: through the efforts of these men, the British public have been able to follow the fortunes of our troops as they landed and set off for the interior. Many of the pictures released by the War Office are reproduced on these and other pages. All the views given here were taken just before, during and immediately after the landings on the Sic... beaches. It is interesting to glance back to the time, thr... years ago, when the British Army was in retreat f... Dunkirk! Then, our men having fought until th... could do no more, waded *off* the continent of Euro... Now, they have waded *back* on to it. But this t... they are backed up with the right equipment!

THE CAPTAIN OF A LANDING CRAFT, a naval officer, addressing naval and military personnel on board the vessel after receiving his sailing orders. He outlined to them the Navy's function during the coming operation

A PICTURE REMINISCENT OF DUNKIRK—but the other way round! The men ... wading ashore on to the Sicilian beaches in the early dawn, holding ... weapons and equipment high out of the water

THE LANDINGS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED, and the vessel emptied of its troops and equipment. The smaller craft, it will be noticed, are close inshore; and on the beach an Italian dump is burning. This picture gives a good impression of the hills which rise up along certain portions of the south-eastern Sicily coast

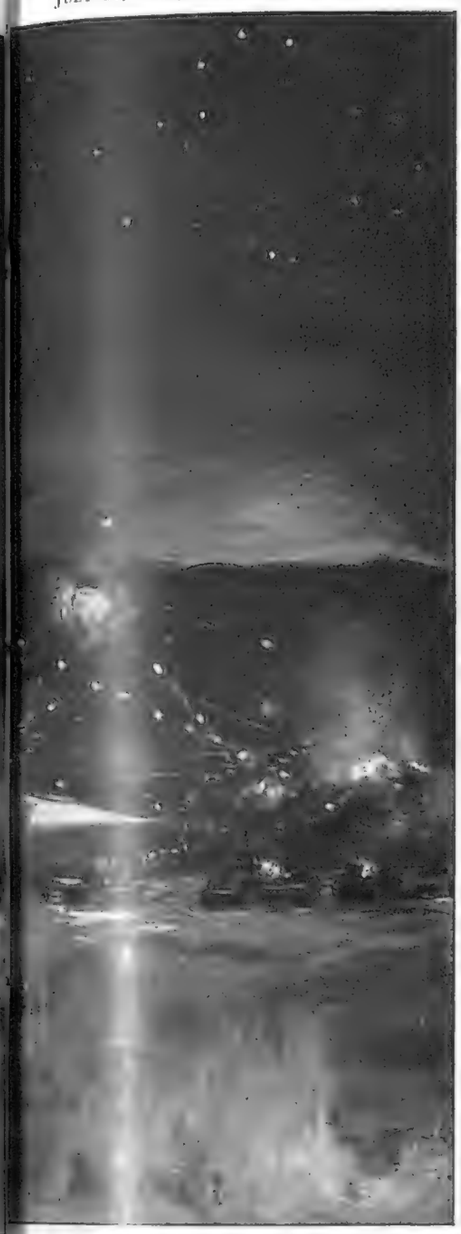
After the early morning call to "Action Stations," the infantry scramble down the ladders into the water wearing their light battle equipment

The equipment of an airborne camera-man: Mr. Roderick McDonald, a War Correspondent attached to the glider troops. The whole of his equipment was covered by a "jumping jacket" when he left the aircraft, to prevent entanglement

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LANDINGS, Pioneers started to make roads leading off the beaches. This was necessary, so that the heavy equipment—guns, tanks, lorries, etc.—could go forward in support of the quickly advancing infantry who had landed first. Lying offshore in this picture are a number of the vessels of all types which had brought the Army and its supplies to the island

THE NAVY'S TASK IN THE ASSAULT ON SICILY: SHEPHERDING THE LANDING CRAFT IN TO THE BEACHES IN THE DARK HOURS OF DAWN ON JULY 10. The defenders of the island were so preoccupied and worried by Allied air activity that some of the beach landings were undetected until the last moment. In this drawing a patrol vessel had led the landing craft to within 1,500 yards of the beach: the small craft then went in while the little ship stood by, firing its small-calibre guns at a searchlight which, a few minutes later, was sweeping its beams across the troubled sky towards the newly-troubled surf—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE CRUISER FIRING WAS SPLENDID: HOW THE BIGGER SHIPS OF THE NAVY SUPPORTED THE INVASION by accurate fire over the assault ships and troops. The warships stood well away from the shore and rendered great aid by firing on the coastal batteries and concentrations of defence troops. The Navy was protected overhead by Allied aircraft, and thus gained a freedom of movement which made it a powerful factor in the combined assault on the island. In this drawing an Ajax-type cruiser is seen on the left and Aurora on the right—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*



The Invasion of Sicily

The NAVY CLEARS the WAY

The Part Played by Our Warships in Covering the Beach Landings and in Bombarding the Enemy's Shore Positions

—Special Sphere Drawings

The large drawing on the left has been made from an eye-witness's account of the scene during the night of July 9-10 at one of the beaches. The patrol vessel had escorted and led the landing craft to within 1,500 yards of the beach, when its skipper then signalled: "There it is. It is all yours." The landing craft then went in, while the little ship stood by firing at a searchlight which was trying to make out what was going on. "We were closer to the beaches than any other combatant ship," said the skipper. "Machine-gun bullets whistled round our rigging, their tracers criss-crossing the narrow waters between us and the beach, which we could just see in the darkness. But they were not firing on us: we were just getting a carry-over of what the lads already ashore were having piled on them. It was our job to stand by the beach for an hour and a half to give any assistance possible to the landing parties."

The drawing in the bottom left hand shows a little of the work which some of the heavier naval units performed whilst the beach landings were being made. "I have never seen better cruiser shooting," said one observer. "Most of the shooting during the darkness was from the sea rather than from the land. . . . I don't believe the Italians possessed the type of coastal guns which could hit a ship in the darkness." Our air supremacy had a telling effect on naval operations generally: under their complete air "umbrella," the cruisers could come in and carry out whatever attacks they chose! During these heavy assaults on the island's defenders, the Italian Navy was conspicuous only by its absence.

The third drawing depicts a most dashing episode in which three destroyers took part during the invasion. Whilst the invading troops were being loaded into their landing barges, the three vessels were sent off on the vain mission of seeing if Mussolini's Navy was about. They steamed at great speed until opposite Messina, within two miles of the Italian mainland, but there was apparently not so much as an E-boat at sea—this night of all nights! The vessels came in close together, and the captains spoke to each other through the loud-hailers as they tore back down the empty Strait. They got back to the convoy in time to give close escort to the landing barges as the infantry went ashore.

ON THE VOYAGE OUT TO TAKE PART IN THE INFANTRY LANDINGS. Canadian Staff officers hard at work during their days at sea: they are working at maps and preparing orders on deck during the voyage to the Mediterranean from a British base

THREE DESTROYERS DASH UP THE STRAITS OF MESSINA LOOKING FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY! The freedom of movement of British naval vessels around the south and south-eastern shores of Sicily whilst the Invasion was in progress was quite remarkable. This drawing illustrates the action when three of our destroyers, of the "J" class, in close formation and within hailing distance of each other, swept up the Strait until opposite Messina, within two miles of the Italian mainland, in a vain attempt to locate Mussolini's inglorious fleet—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE SCENE AT ONE OF THE MANY POINTS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND WHERE BRITISH AIRBORNE [illegible] during the hours of darkness preceding the landings on the beaches. Several of these [illegible] able to effect timely rescues. All the airborne troops wore their famous red berets [illegible]

The Invasion of Sicily

THE AIRBORNE TROOPS

Who Bore the Brunt of the Heaviest Fighting

Most of these Men were Dropped before the Landings on the Beaches were Made. They had to Secure Strategic Points in the Interior, and Hold on to Them till Assistance Came. Their Task was Magnificently Accomplished

The first men to start the battle for Sicily were British airborne troops who crossed the Sicilian Narrows in gliders during the night hours of July 9. The British air invasion took place at ten o'clock in the evening: it preceded a similar operation by the American forces. Although the casualties during the beach landings were everywhere reported as light, casualties amongst the airborne troops were fairly heavy—an indication of the dangerous and strenuous nature of the tasks allotted to these carefully picked and highly trained men.

The first gliders took off from North African airfields at about seven o'clock in the evening of the 9th. "Like some Wellsian fantasia," the armada headed for the island, each glider loaded to capacity with men and equipment. The course was not set direct towards Sicily, but was planned to carry the troops for a distance of some 400 miles, at the end of which landings were to be made in the half-light of the moon on hostile territory. At shortly after [illegible] o'clock the coast was sighted; very soon thereafter the invasion from the air was in full swing.

It had been considered that night landings [illegible] not feasible. But, in the result, parties of troops and their equipment were safely put down on the south-eastern tip of the island with the result that the whole countryside was thrown into confusion and panic hours before the seaborne forces arrived. The reports which soon came streaming in testified to the resourcefulness of the "Red Berets" disdaining to use steel helmets, most of the men had dropped over Sicily wearing their distinctive headgear, as shown in the above drawing. Although most of the landings from [illegible]

TROOPS GATHERED WITH THEIR WOUNDED AFTER THEY HAD CARRIED OUT THEIR WORK OF DEMOLITION met with stiff enemy opposition and suffered heavy casualties before the oncoming infantry were he relieving infantry (on the left) wore steel helmets and carried packs—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

air were made on the first night of the assault, other landings were made during the following days wherever it was considered that a key position could be captured or confusion wrought in the enemy's rear.

The surprise achieved by our initial attacks by this method was extraordinary, when it is recalled that the men often landed within 300 or 400 yards of their objectives: yet, so silent were the gliders and so outside enemy calculations, that the men were able to get out, reconnoitre the position, plan a lightning attack and initiate it before the defenders were aware that they were in danger.

After the first element of surprise had been achieved, the enemy gathered their forces and counter-attacked, causing many casualties amongst the airborne troops. At some points, sore-pressed by the Axis at their rallying-points, the Red Berets were only extricated from their positions by the timely arrival of infantry pressing into the interior from the landing beaches.

On right—**During their raids just before the invasion, the R.A.F. dropped newspapers in Italian over Sicily. These gave the latest news and also reprinted Mr. Churchill's famous 1940 speech in full. When Allied troops entered the town of Noto, this Italian policeman brought a copy out of hiding and read it to the townspeople**

HOW BRITISH AIRBORNE TROOPS LANDED IN SICILY BY GLIDER FROM NORTH AFRICA. These men were landed behind the shore defences in the hours of darkness before the landings were made on the beaches. They were thus able to dislocate the enemy's plans for dealing with the seaborne troops, and prepared the way for the uninterrupted discharge of men and material from the landing craft—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Invasion of Sicily

THE GLIDERS LAND BY NIGHT

And the Allied Air Forces Attack in Support of the Infantry on the Land

—Special Sphere Drawings

TREMENDOUS interest and admiration has been aroused amongst the forces fighting in Sicily by the feat of British glider pilots who landed scores of troops from laden gliders by night in unknown enemy country as a preliminary to the main invasion a few hours later by seaborne troops. All pilots who were uninjured—and in their seats right in the nose of the flimsy gliders they are always the first to suffer if an obstruction is hit—fought on the ground as infantry for nearly fifteen hours after their landings.

Some came down in small fields, others had their wings stripped by trees, others were tight beside machine-gun posts, four hit just at the water's edge, another alighted on a steep sloping cliff edge. And from all these the men had been able to emerge with sufficient equipment to begin immediate action.

These, and the rest of the landings, had been made under fire in the half-light and were carried out at a time when the pilots must have been half exhausted by the strain of piloting their aircraft nearly 400 miles across from the North African airfields. This epic of men who for months had been termed patronisingly "bus drivers" and "butterfly boys," must surely gain for the men of the Glider Regiment deepest respect. Most of the pilots are sergeants who volunteered from the Army over a year ago for special training.

They are not only trained to fly light aircraft as well as gliders, but have also had to undergo special infantry training and to be prepared to fight together, with the troops they have carried to their destination. The operation in which they participated on the night of July 9 was made in American gliders which were towed by American and some British planes. In order to do this the pilots, who came secretly to North Africa as ordinary soldiers, had rapidly to accustom themselves to almost entirely new operational conditions.

When the gliders took off for Sicily, a high wind was swirling dust-clouds across the airfield. Aboard each glider, were two pilots, platoon commander, and a full complement of soldiers. The men were armed with Sten guns, rifles, bayonets, knives and grenades. All the equipment was strapped to the men's backs by special harness, and their rations consisted of a tin of chocolate, about 8 oz. in weight. All wore red berets, leaving the metal helmets behind, for it had been decided that it would be a good thing for the Italians to learn quickly that "red devils," as they officially term airborne troops, had arrived in their country!

THE ALLIED AIR FORCES SUPPORT THE LAND TROOPS BY BOMBING THE AXIS PORTS OF SUPPLY. The concentrated bombing of Messina and other ports just before the invasion paved the way for the landings in south-east Sicily. Here five large fires are seen burning in Messina after one bombing raid: the four fires in the centre of the picture are in the rolling-stock maintenance yards and the adjacent shops. The fire at the bottom of the picture is near the goods station

On right—On the night of July 9-10, a gale was raging in the Sicilian Narrows. The very high wind subsided later; but during the course of the crossing by air some of the gliders and troop-carrying aircraft were forced out of their course and had to descend on the sea. One such incident is depicted here, as a record of the unfavourable weather conditions under which the air landings were made on the island. The aircraft shown in this picture is a Wellington bomber. With a crew of three, it could accommodate nine paratroops and their equipment: it is known that this type of aircraft was used during the training of airborne troops for the attack on Sicily

WHILST THE LANDINGS WERE BEING MADE, LIGHTNING AND MUSTANG FIGHTER AIRCRAFT WERE BOMBING AND SHOOTING-UP ALL THE ROAD CONVOYS. The twisting roads in the hill country and the length of the Axis convoys aided our high-speed aircraft greatly to achieve their object—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After the landings on the beaches, scenes reminiscent of those during Rommel's retreat from El Alamein were visible on the roads as a result of our intensive fighter-bomber activity over the Axis lines of communication. Flying in swarms over the south and south-east of Sicily, Lightnings and Mustangs wrought havoc among convoys of vehicles loaded with troops and supplies. Lorries burning and riddled with cannon-shells were piled up, causing congestion and confusion. More than 400 vehicles were either destroyed or badly damaged. The American pilots varied their tactics with glide- and dive-bombing, combined with low-flying sweeps in which they gunned enemy columns in the hill country of the interior. The heaviest single attack in one day was on a convoy of 300 transport vehicles in eastern Sicily: at least 100 lorries were destroyed by Mustangs which flew backwards and forwards over the jammed roads, raking the vehicles despite intense small arms and light anti-aircraft fire

DURING THE CROSSING TO SICILY OUR AIRBORNE ARMADA ENCOUNTERED GALES AND HIGH WINDS. As a result, some of the troop-carrying aircraft were blown out to sea and forced down. A naval vessel cruising off the Sicily coast spotted one of them—a grey-green mass of wreckage about a mile offshore. Nine nearly exhausted paratroops were taken off by the launch—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See *notes at left*)

The Invasion of Sicily

HARBOURS and HILL CITIES

Captured by the Allied Forces during the First Days of the Invasion of the Island

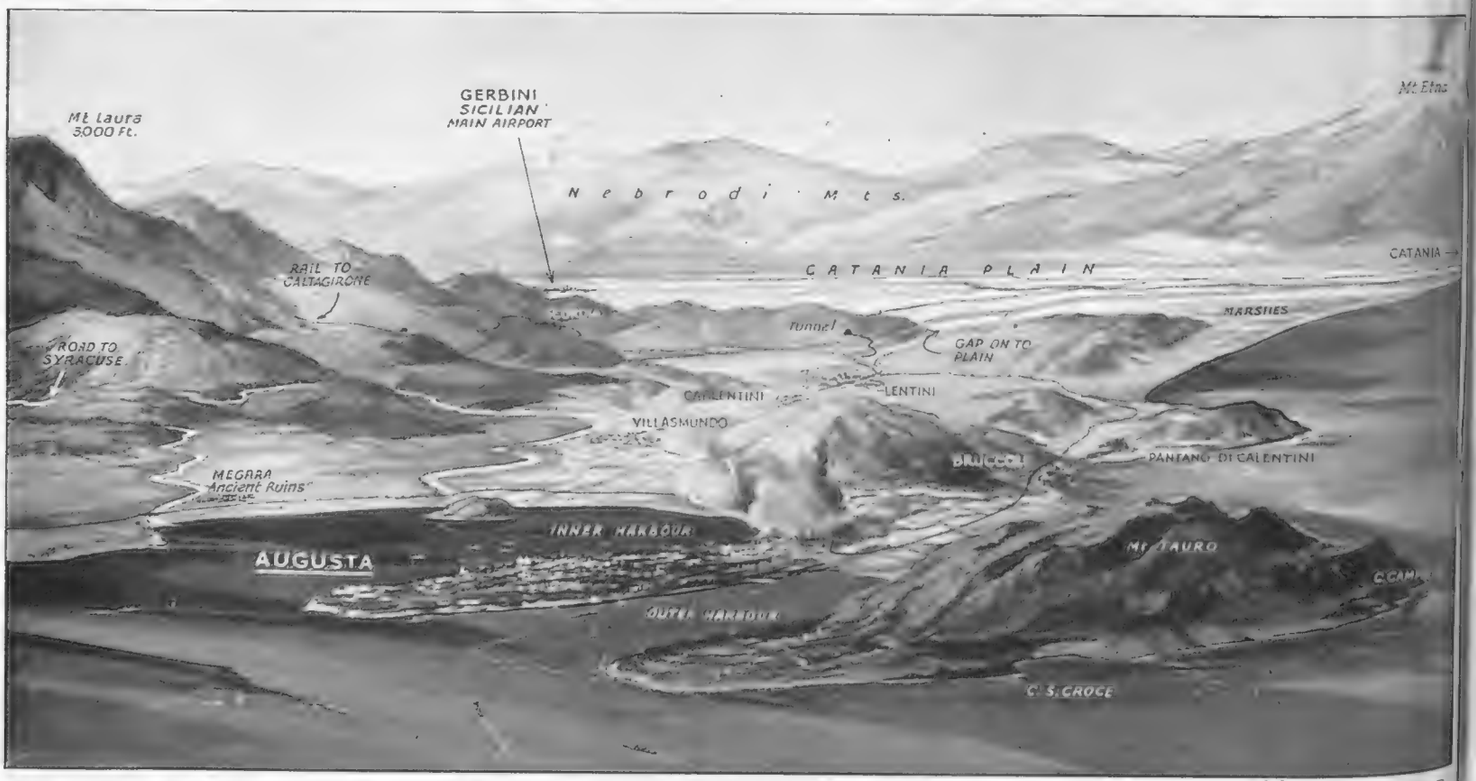
—Four Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

For long known as a tourist centre, the island of Sicily has now become a battlefield—the first in the Allied assault on the "Fortress Europa." As is now known, the initial opposition to the Allied landings was nowhere so violent as had been expected by our High Command, although the subsequent fighting was severe enough even for the tough Eighth Army veterans who led the attack on Catania! To many people, the invasion of the island has revealed the beauty of many of its coast towns and rocky, inland fastnesses. Some of these are depicted in the drawings reproduced on these pages. The inland towns, in particular, have a wild, rugged character which is fascinating in the extreme. All the towns illustrated here fell into Allied hands within a few days of our landings: they may be taken as typical of an island which, in beauty and historic interest, can compare with any in the world to-day

SYRACUSE, a Port of Supply

Whose Capture was Announced on July 12

This historic port was the first town of size to be captured immediately after the initial landings in Sicily. It fell on July 10 without excessive damage, so that its quays and harbours immediately became of use for the landing of heavy armour and equipment to reinforce the troops fighting northwards towards Catania and Messina. The inner waters will not take deep-draught vessels: the harbour at Augusta, a few miles to the north, has deeper water; but doubtless the Navy have already overcome the main difficulties by the improvisation which they displayed so brilliantly during the occupation of the North African coast. Prominent behind the port is the plateau dominating town and harbour, where Greek and Roman fortifications still exist to-day. Syracuse was founded in 734 B.C. as the chief Greek colony in Sicily: it grew until the circuit of the city walls was sixteen miles. It was captured by the Romans in 212 B.C., and by the Normans in the eleventh century. The port, very shortly after its capture, began to serve as our principal supply base in south-eastern Sicily. In the drawing above, the warships seen off the harbour entrance are Leander-class cruisers and Tribal-class destroyers: the smaller vessels are, of course, British invasion craft.



The Fortified Seaport of AUGUSTA

Entered by Our Invasion Fleet on July 13

It was from Rome that the first news of our entry into Augusta came, via the radio on July 13, when it was stated that units of the Allied invasion fleet were already lying in the roadstead at the former Axis naval and seaplane base. Augusta lies almost at the edge of the Catanian plain: it was here that a large number of Sicilians cheerfully helped to unload the Allied ships as they came in to discharge their stores and supplies! After our occupation of the harbour and town, German troops succeeded in infiltrating: but they were soon driven out again, and forced back along the road to Catania. The town of Augusta is almost a counterpart to Syracuse: its buildings are crowded on to the narrow tongue of land dividing the inner and outer harbours; the latter provide two square miles of useful anchorage for vessels of quite considerable size. The town stands on the promontory of Cape S. Croce, with a citadel overlooking the harbour.

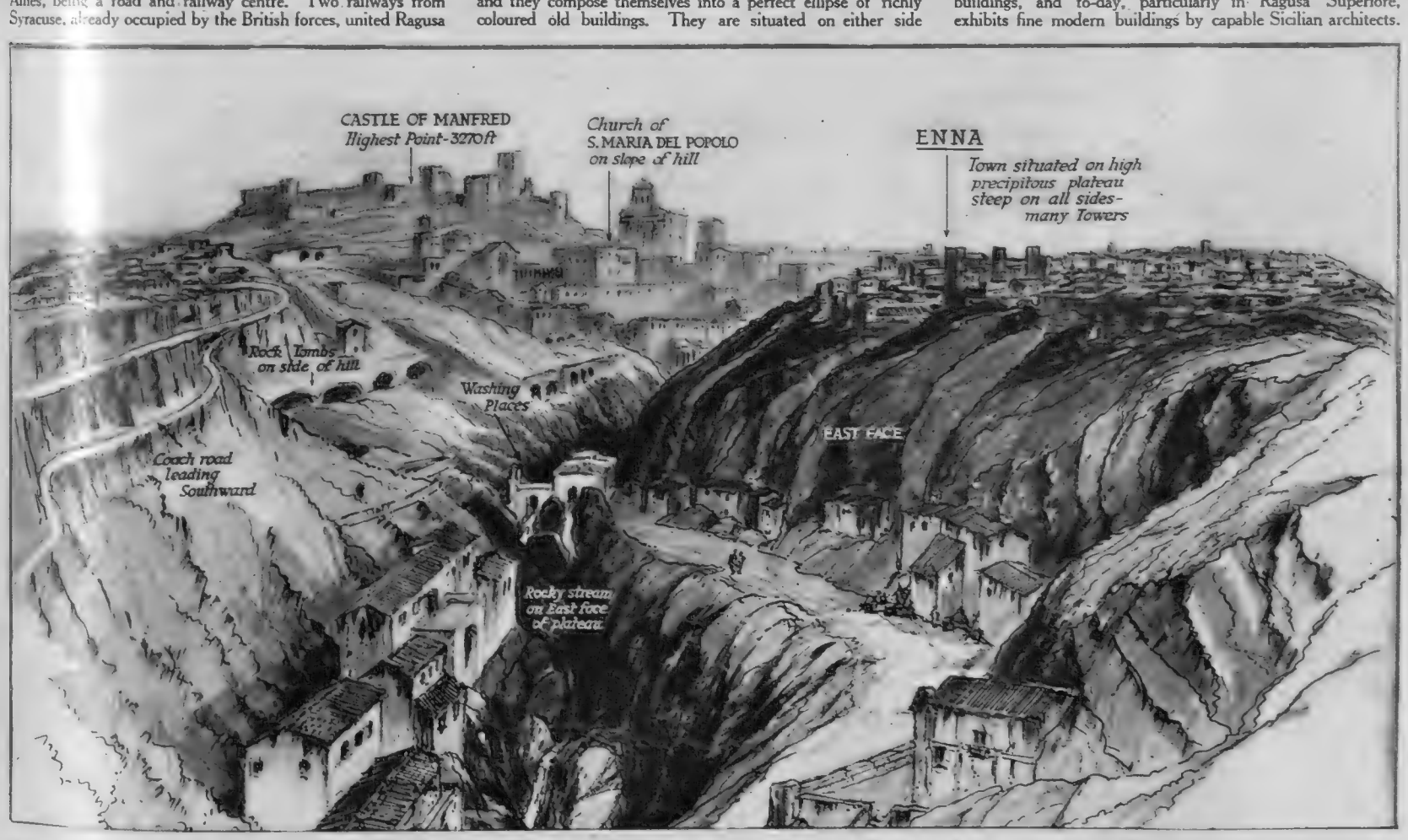
The Hill Town of RAGUSA

Captured by Americans and Canadians on July 13

The Canadians advanced from the south-east and the Americans from the west, both forces converging upon the town. Its position was of considerable importance to the Allies, being a road and railway centre. Two railways from Syracuse, already occupied by the British forces, united Ragusa with the famous port. One railway came round the coastal area; the other, a light railway, passed through Floridia and Palazzolo. With the fall of Ragusa the Allies had at last a united front, the three separate forces having joined up.

As the Canadians approached Ragusa from Modica, they were rewarded by a splendid vision of a picturesque hill town perched high above the river valley—the best city view in Sicily. The twin cities are built upon a couple of lofty rocks, and they compose themselves into a perfect ellipse of richly coloured old buildings. They are situated on either side of the gorge, and are known as Ragusa Superiore and Ragusa Inferiore, united by a picturesque bridge.

On entering Ragusa Inferiore, or the lower town, the first sight is that of a splendid medieval palace, towering on the rocky heights. Remains of the Byzantine castle walls and many fifteenth-century churches add to the interest of this eastern half of the city. Owing to the earthquake of 1693, which destroyed much of southern Sicily, Ragusa lost many ancient buildings, and to-day, particularly in Ragusa Superiore, exhibits fine modern buildings by capable Sicilian architects.



ENNA, the Centre Point of Sicily

And One of the Strongest of Natural Fortresses

Castrogiovanni, or Enna, as it has been called during the Sicilian campaign, lies almost in the centre of Sicily among a mass of wild hills. Standing on a level plateau some 2,500 ft. high, with almost precipitous sides, it occupies a position not only of a remarkable natural fortress, but also of great picturesque beauty. Only open on the eastern side, the roads have to climb steeply, winding in great curves till they reach the summit. Pack-horses are much used, as they can manage the shorter ancient road. All around the hill city lies the mountain mass of central Sicily, with Etna dominating all on the east.

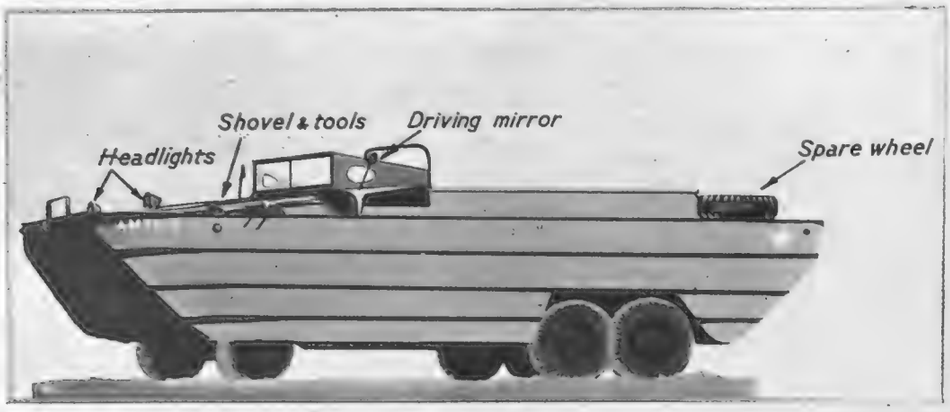
The old name of Enna, now so constantly used, was the old classic name for the famous city, founded by Syracuse in 664 B.C. Like all the towns of Sicily, it has had many rules—Carthage, Rome, Saracens and Normans, and the House of Aragon. Very few remains of the classical city exist to-day. Only the site of the great temple of Ceres can be seen on a rock at the extreme end of the plateau, beyond the citadel. Pluto was said to have carried off Persephone when she was gathering flowers near Enna—a lake a few miles away is given as the actual spot, where a cavern is shown as the opening through which the King of the Nether World appeared.

The great castle at the end of the plateau has a very ancient origin, but being rebuilt by King Manfred, is usually called by his name—or La Rocca. It was surrounded by many towers, some of which have fallen. There was another castle at the other end of the city built by Frederick II of Aragon, but only an octagonal tower of this remains. The city is full of churches, mostly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There is also a lovely old palace with fine staircase. So narrow and winding are the streets that carts cannot be used.

The Invasion of Sicily

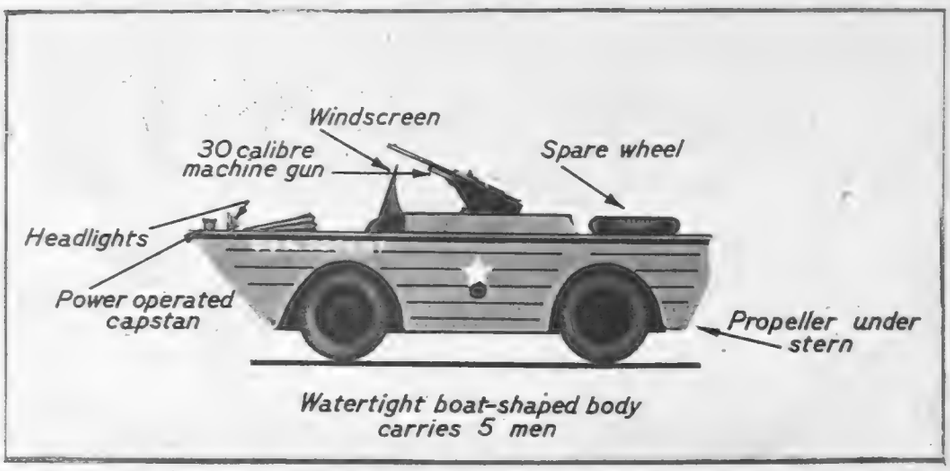
The NEW EQUIPMENT USED in the LANDINGS

The Amphibious "Ducks" Built in the United States; and Details of the New-Type Landing Craft which were Ferried Across from the Mississippi



THIS IS THE DUKW—"DUCK" FOR SHORT. It is a 2½-ton lorry which can carry around twenty-five men with full equipment; it is equally at home on land or in the water

The landing operations in Sicily were greatly facilitated by the "Duck" and the amphibious jeep, both of which interesting craft are illustrated here. The former is, in fact, an enlarged version of the latter. The "Duck" is a six-wheeled lorry weighing from 2½ to 3 tons: its body is shaped like a boat, and it is equally happy on land or on sea. Numbers of them were built in the U.S. and were brought to the Mediterranean as ordinary deck cargo, specially to take part in the invasion. Actually they are standard six-wheeled lorries with a normal motor engine. Their steadiness in the water is remarkable, and they can float as safely as a lifeboat over mountainous waves. At sea, the engine drives a propeller; on land the change-over to wheel-propulsion can be made by the single movement of a special lever. The smaller craft shown below is a "water-jeep": it will carry five men, and is equipped with headlights, a power-operated capstan and a ·30 calibre machine-gun. In view of American factory capacity, great numbers of both types of craft are now being turned out for further "amphibious operations" in the Mediterranean theatre of war



AND THIS IS A WATER-JEEP: It is a watertight, boat-shaped craft which can carry five men on land or sea. It is American-built and armed with a machine-gun—*Drawings by B. C. Wood* (See notes above)

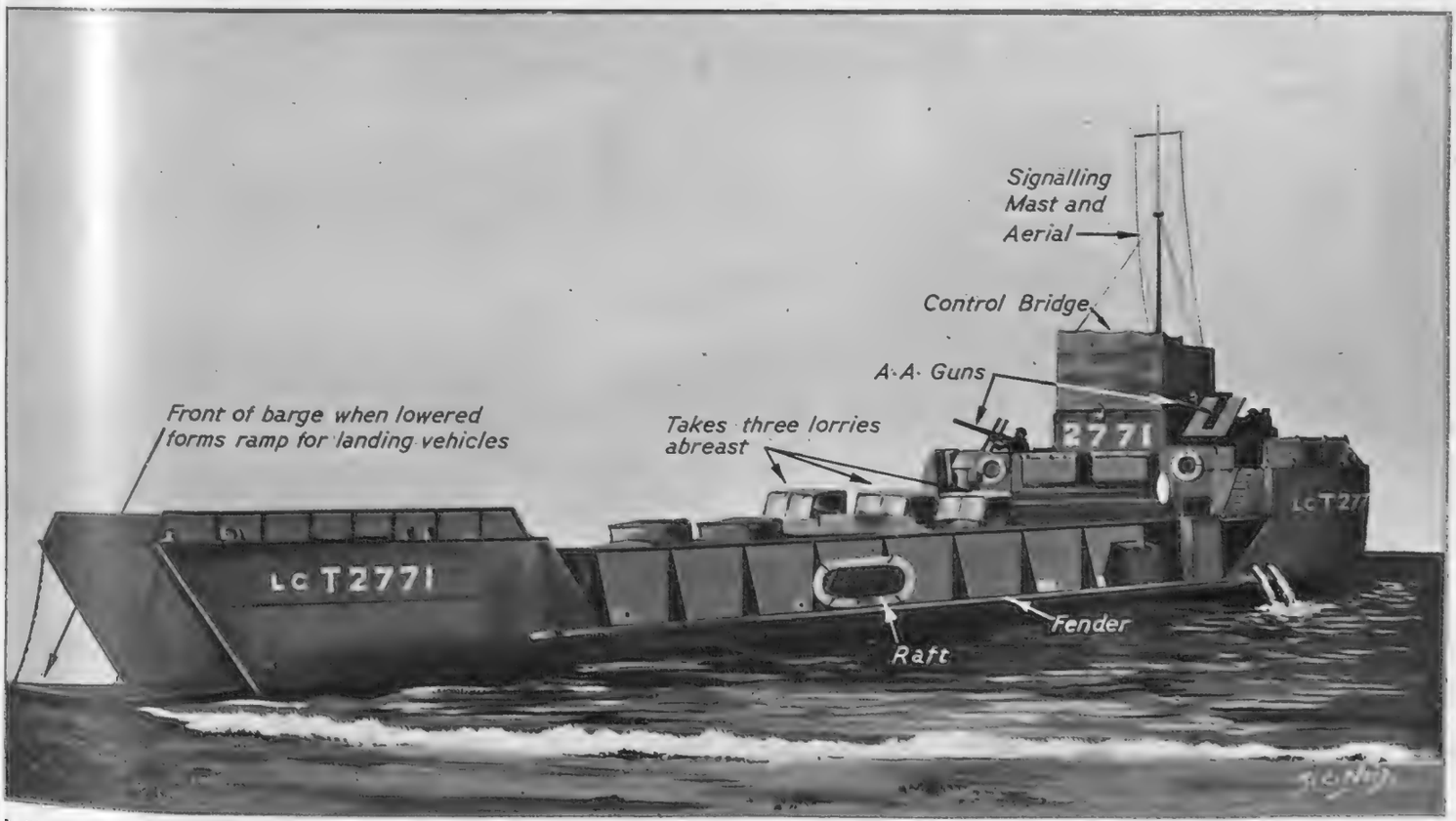
THE U.S.-BUILT LANDING CRAFT HEADING FOR THE BEACHES OF SICILY. These vessels were built in the Middle West, brought right down the Mississippi River, and then ferried across the Atlantic crammed with troops and tanks for the assault on Sicily

GENERAL MONTGOMERY FAVOURS THE AMPHIBIOUS JEEP. This picture was taken soon after the landing when the General was making a tour of inspection in Sicily: it shows details of this useful land-sea craft

THE NOSE OF THE NEW-TYPE LANDING CRAFT built in America and brought over specially for the invasion of Sicily. In place of the square-ended bow of the older-type craft, these vessels have a normal bow: the troops descend by means of ladders at each side in the manner indicated in the drawing

THE NEW U.S.-BUILT EQUIPMENT IS USED TO GREAT EFFECT IN THE AMERICAN ASSAULT ON GELA in the early hours of the morning of July 10. An impression of the wonderful light-effects on the shore and in the air as the amphibious craft went in to make their landing—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

The central point in the sector allotted to the Americans was Gela, an ancient town which lies on a cigar-shaped ridge running parallel with the sea: parts of the town lie on the little river which here empties into the Mediterranean. On one side the ridge sinks sharply to the sandy beach, where many of the Americans landed: on the other, or inland, side the ridge drops away to the flat, fertile plain. As the invaders came in in the darkness, away to the east a lighthouse was blinking irregularly, and greenish Italian searchlights played across the sea in a perfunctory, desultory manner, obviously not noticing the dozens of ships massing offshore: half-a-dozen times they came straight for the fleet of little ships, and the men in them held their breath, certain they must have been seen. But the Italians weren't expecting invasion! Then suddenly the coastline was picked out in flame as Allied planes dumped flares and incendiaries and gave the ships a perfect landmark for assault. Soon parachutists were being dropped; odd rockets and flares added to the chaotic beauty of the scene; and the firing began to extend left and right along the shallow curve of the Gulf of Gela as the landing craft went right in. Later spectators described the scene from the sea as a fascinating spectacle, with clusters of lights over the land, and parachute flares and tracer shells stabbing the darkness. The whole night was filled in every direction with brilliant explosions. Many were quite unidentifiable, but the whole effect was beautiful and terrible. As the airborne contingents droned overhead, the amphibious vessels went in with their cargoes of assault troops. And soon Gela had been captured



A DIAGRAM-DRAWING OF THE TANK- OR LORRY-LANDING CRAFT USED IN THE SICILIAN LANDINGS. In this type the front portion of the vessel can be lowered so that the vehicles on board can drive straight off on to the beach—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

When it comes to disembarking lorries and tanks and other heavy vehicles on to a beach, it is not possible to employ other landing craft than those shown above. Three lorries can be placed abreast on the capacious deck, and they can then roll right off on to the beaches under their own power and headed in the right direction. The front of the barge lowers to form a ramp. Anti-aircraft guns are mounted on each side of the bridge to fight off attacking enemy aircraft; the bridge itself is quite an imposing structure. In fact, in the space of a few months, the tank-landing craft has grown almost out of all recognition: to-day, it is a vessel of size and strength, not merely just a big barge!

The TWO RHODESIAS and the WAR

The Fourth of a Series of Special Articles Dealing with the Response of the British Commonwealth of Nations. By CHARLES GRAVES

"ENGLAND'S wars are our wars." That is Southern Rhodesia's attitude as summed up by Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister.

"I am sorry to hear that King George is again being troubled by the Germans. Being too old to help in the fighting, I am sending you £5 to help those who are wounded." That is the attitude of Northern Rhodesia as expressed by a native chieftain. Another small chieftain sent 30s. to the Government "to buy lead to put in our soldiers' bullets to kill the Germans and Italians"; while a village headman sent £1 2s., collected from his villagers, "to be sent to the Askari for the world freedom and for patching their short trousers."

The total white population of Southern Rhodesia is barely 70,000. That of Northern Rhodesia is under 14,000, though in each case the white population is augmented by over 1,000,000 Africans. In spite of this, Southern Rhodesia has one Bomber Squadron in the Middle East and another Bomber Squadron and a Fighter Squadron in Great Britain. In addition, there are hundreds of Rhodesians scattered throughout the R.A.F.

AFRICA-BOUND WITH THE MERCHANT NAVY: Second Officer Higgins, of Cardiff, calls the roll on a merchantman carrying vital war supplies to this important theatre of war

This small Colony, with a population less than that of Chesterfield or Cambridge, has not received much attention for its military effort, because most of the Rhodesian troops serving are scattered among units of the British Army in the Middle East. The first contingents arrived there in April, 1940, and were distributed between thirteen British regiments, including the 60th Rifles, Black Watch, Argyll and Sutherlands, Cheshires and the Buffs. They took part in all the campaigns of the Western Desert under Wavell, Auchinleck and Alexander. There are many stories of their notable achievements, among them that told by an officer of the Scots Guards on his return to Great Britain. This does justice to a battery of Rhodesian anti-tank gunners attached to a regiment of Hussars who served as the anti-tank gunners of their brigade in the first months of 1942. During the withdrawal from Agedabia to the Gazala line, they were in constant contact with the enemy, fighting rearguard actions and holding up Rommel's tanks. On the morning of May 27, in the Bir Hacheim area, they were attacked by a very strong German armoured force, and put up a superb show, knocking out tank after tank and vehicle after vehicle before they were finally overwhelmed by intensive machine-gun and artillery fire. The survivors were taken prisoner, but contrived to escape and rejoin the Eighth Army some days later, whereupon the unwounded were promptly rearmed and went back to join the fighting again.

At El Alamein, Rhodesian anti-tank gunners served with an Australian infantry brigade, by whom they were heartily cheered for their superb work in repulsing repeated German tank attacks during which the gallant gunners suffered heavy casualties.

Another feather in the cap of the Colony is the magnificent work done by the Rhodesian Long-Range Desert Patrol, which carried out many perilous patrols behind the enemy lines, among them the famous raid on Sirte aerodrome, when thirty-seven enemy aircraft were destroyed on the ground.

To-day, the troops from Southern Rhodesia are serving with the South African Forces as well as in the British Army, as a result of the merging of military forces from the Colony with those of the Union of South Africa, in the Southern African Command.

Soldiers from Southern Rhodesia are serving in South, East and West Africa as well as in the Middle East, while others have achieved remarkable records in other campaigns during the present war. The Southern Rhodesian Armoured Car Regiment, for example, had two years' active service in Kenya, Abyssinia, Eritrea and British and Italian Somaliland before returning to the Colony in the autumn of 1942. The regiment was formed for use as one of the spearheads of attack in Abyssinia, but the sudden collapse of Italian resistance upset this plan. The regiment, however, stayed in East Africa, where it did valuable work. The Rhodesian police is doing splendid work in occupied territories in the former Italian East Africa, Abyssinia, Eritrea and Somaliland.

The latest figures show that there are 6,677 Europeans serving in the Army and Air Force in various theatres of war, with another 167 in the Royal Navy; 860 have already been discharged as the result of wounds or sickness, after having served in twenty-four different countries. In addition, there are 1,850 Territorials in the Colony, and 256 in the military police.

At the outbreak of war, Southern Rhodesia decided not to become part of the Southern South African war effort. Hertzog was Premier, and Southern Rhodesia preferred to link up with the Crown Colonies to the north.

Even more important, perhaps, than the military contribution to the war effort provided by Southern Rhodesia is the Empire Training Scheme which began just before it was extended to Canada. There are now nine flying schools in Southern Rhodesia; and Air Commodore A. C. Critchley, C.B., D.S.O., who was so largely responsible for the whole success of the Empire Training Scheme, tells me that air personnel trained in Southern Rhodesia have proved to be first-class.

Over 14,000 natives were employed in building the various air stations, and later it was decided to utilise them for guard purposes. This led to the formation of the Rhodesia Air Askari Corps. In addition to all this, Southern Rhodesia has exported to England vast quantities of chromite, which is used for hardening steel, making firebrick, tanning leather and metallic paints. The Colony has become the second largest producer of asbestos in the British Empire, and though gold-mining was its primary interest in peacetime, the energies of the whole mining community have been switched to strategic minerals.

Perhaps the most important contribution to the war effort in Northern Rhodesia is the production of copper and other non-ferrous metals in the Broken Hill area. Copper, of course, is essential for shell-bands and every kind of electrical equipment. It is also used in conjunction with zinc for ships' propellers, naval boiler-tubes and a hundred other military purposes. Besides copper, of which Northern Rhodesia is the largest producer in the Empire, the territory is stepping-up its output of zinc, lead and vanadium. And yet, it must be repeated that the total white population is only 13,000—less than the population of Barnstaple.

As long ago as in 1941, nearly 100,000 African troops, of which 7,000 hailed from Northern Rhodesia, were serving against the German and Italian armies. Speaking of them, General Sir Alan Cunningham said: "In every situation they have distinguished themselves. Their spirit, their efficiency, their burning patriotism, their high courage, are admitted and envied by all." The Northern Rhodesian Regiment was formerly the military wing of the Northern Rhodesian Police, and had its full share of fighting in East Africa, when three Askaris of one battalion were decorated for distinguished conduct in the field, and Captain Wilson was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Although Northern Rhodesia is so far from the battle, it is intensely conscious of the war. In the latest news-letter from Lusaka, it was announced that the Jewish ladies of the district had had a street collection for the Central War Fund, while the local Brownies collected a mile of pennies. In comparison with the gifts of more populous countries, the contributions of this territory may seem small, but these work out at the rate of twenty guineas per man, woman and child. When the interest-free loans to the Home Government are added, this works out at over £1,000 per head of the European population.

As for the copper, the output from the mines will be over 300,000 tons this year, every monthly figure showing a new high. Like Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia is a main source of supply for lead and zinc; and men of the mining industry who volunteered for the Armed Forces have been ordered to stay in their mines, so that production figures may be raised and raised again.

GIRLS OF THE UNITED NATIONS JOIN THE W.A.A.F. IN THE MIDDLE EAST. Every day girls are calling at the W.A.A.F. recruiting centres, eager to join the Service. They come from England, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Holland and Palestine. The above picture shows some of the first recruits ready to march off for their daily exercise during a special course of physical training planned by British physical-culture experts at a Middle East W.A.A.F. training-camp

A HALIFAX CREW ON LEAVE IN CAIRO after eleven days adrift in the Mediterranean: Seven men, the crew of a Halifax, are recovering in Cairo from effects of their ordeal. Their bomber was one of a formation attacking a target in Italy, and was on its way home when engine trouble forced the aircraft into the sea. The crew took to their rubber dinghy and made for the North African coast, but the strong sea running against them made navigation almost impossible, and they did not succeed in reaching the shore till the eleventh day. As soon as they rejoined their unit, they were given leave. They are seen in the picture above collecting cushions at the start of a steamer trip up the Nile

WILL FYFFE ENTERTAINS THE TROOPS IN NORTH AFRICA: The famous Scottish comedian with a Highland regiment during his tour of the Mediterranean battle zone

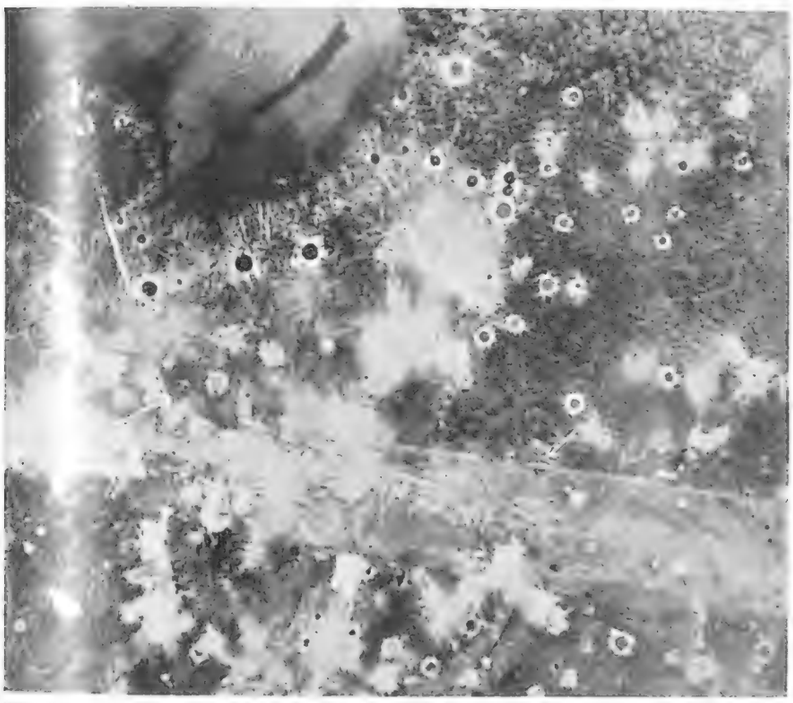
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WAR in the S.W. PACIFIC

Some Amazing Overhead Views of the Jungle-filled Islands

In last week's issue we gave a series of drawings and photographs in illustration of the attacks which the Americans recently launched against the Japanese air base at Munda, on New Georgia Island in the Solomons, and elsewhere in the South-West Pacific war zone. We now publish some further striking photographs just received from the same battle area. It will be remembered that the U.S. forces under General MacArthur, at the outset of the present campaign, made a four-way attack against the Japs, and that the two principal assaults were directed against New Georgia and New Guinea. Both these islands are shown in the accompanying photographs, which depict the dense jungle with which both are filled. It is probably the first time that these remote ocean spots have been photographed in such detail from the air!

FLYING OVER THE BARREN HILL-TOPS OF A SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC ISLAND. This view was taken from one of the five transport planes seen in the small picture at the bottom of the page. The aircraft were operated by Troop Carrier Command, and flew from Australia to New Guinea in the biggest mass movement by air ever undertaken against the Japs. Flying day and night, an entire division of soldiers, with complete fighting equipment, was carried into the island—thus making possible the successful campaign against the enemy in Papua



HOW THE AMERICANS BLASTED THE JAP AIR BASE AT GASMATA, on the south shore of New Britain Island, in preparation for the attack on Munda, principal enemy air base in the Solomon group. This photograph, just received from the United States, shows the deadly precision of the bombers after a raid on the landing strip (across the lower part of the picture) and dispersal areas (in the centre and extreme bottom) at Gasmata, the Japanese-held aerodrome on the island of New Britain. The attack was made by a force of Mitchell B25 medium bombers (the same type of aircraft which carried out the raid on Tokyo last year). The heavy bombs blasted huge craters over the whole area and the concussion of the exploding bombs was so heavy that tall trees (along the water's edge at the top of the photograph) were stripped and flattened to the ground. Note the Japanese bomber (towards the right in the centre of the picture) and the Zero fighter (towards the left centre) which have, apparently, escaped damage. This raid was one of a number aimed at blasting the key Jap positions in the South-West Pacific as a preliminary to the American push which secured Rendova Island and Viru Harbour for the attackers straightaway, and which rendered further operations against Munda possible

A SUPPLY LINE THROUGH THE SKIES: How an entire division was flown into New Guinea from Australia

RICE ANCHORAGE, a base for operations against Munda. This was the scene of one of the American landings: it is the harbour in the bottom centre of the picture, and is one of the two springboards from which U.S. jungle-trained fighters (landed during the night of July 5-6) launched further attacks on Munda, the Jap air base on New Georgia. Rice Anchorage is 10 miles from Munda, and 4 miles from Bairoko Harbour, its supply base. Note the dense jungle through which the land troops had to advance

AN AIR VIEW OF VIRU HARBOUR, captured by the U.S. forces. At the time of the occupation of Rendova Island, the Americans also occupied Viru Harbour, on New Georgia Island. This is some thirty nautical miles from Munda

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

SHERIDAN—Victim of Misrepresentation.—Few famous men, I suppose, have suffered more from misrepresentation in their lifetime and from the persistence of vulgar errors long afterwards than Richard Brinsley Sheridan. No doubt the halo of romance which at his apex surrounded him and the political bitterness of his day largely supplied the contemporary malice, but it is a sad reflection on the frailty of history that, in the face of contradictory evidence, many of these slanders remain to this day unkilled and are still used by biographers and historians as evidence to condemn him, or by his defenders as "Aunt Sallies" to be publicly set up and half-heartedly demolished, a method of "assenting with civil leer" which is the most efficacious of all debunking methods in teaching "the rest to sneer." The chief errors which persist in Sheridan's case include a sordid birth, a death in shame and squalor, a middle age of sottishness and sloth, the vices of snobbery and political opportunism, libertinism and selfishness, and criminal recklessness in money matters. Sober examination of the authoritative evidence disposes of practically all of these charges

His Sordid Origin?—He was born in Dublin in 1751. The Sheridans were a family of some standing as scholars and wits. His grandfather, Thomas Sheridan, friend of Swift, bulked large in the society of his day; his father, another Thomas, though connected with the stage and a teacher of elocution, was more particularly a respectable, dry-as-dust grammarian. Among his great-uncles there was at least one bishop. The chief fault of this branch of the Sheridan clan was fecklessness in money matters. Richard Brinsley inherited their failings and many of their virtues. His father, Thomas, merits no sneers. He was a dutiful father and did his best for his children. He taught Richard his letters and found schooling for him in Dublin, where schooling was then, and long afterwards, hard to come by. Before the boy was nine years old the family moved to London, and by his exertions Thomas Sheridan was able to support him at Harrow for six years. When he was nineteen, his father settled in Bath and set up there as a teacher of elocution. The family became intimate with that of Dr. Linley, composer and music-teacher, whose brightest draw and ornament was the sixteen-year-old Elizabeth, sweetest and most charming singer in oratorios, who already commanded big fees and had won considerable fame and admiration. She was pestered by the attentions of more than one lecherous "suitor," and it is clear that her life was made unhappy. Her plan to escape to a convent in Belgium was hatched with the sisters of Sheridan, and it would be a mean and dirty mind who would fasten on Richard or on Elizabeth—a chivalrous youth and a frightened child—base motives or carnal lusts in their great adventure. She was grateful for his chivalry and half in love with him, and when he persuaded her at Calais to marry him, she agreed readily, when their equivocal position became clear to both. And then her father fetched her home and, some time later, the young couple were married in form with Dr. Linley's full consent. (It was *Sheridan's* father who considered the marriage a mesalliance for his son.)

Before and after the second form of marriage, Sheridan had worked hard to educate himself in modern languages, mathematics and law, and he entered for the Bar in 1773. He was twenty-two when he settled down to married life in Buckinghamshire. He turned for a living to writing plays. *The Rivals* was produced when he was still but twenty-four, and it became a lasting success after an initial failure. In the same year *The Duenna* broke all record runs—the music was by Linley—and Sheridan emerged as the Noel Coward of his day.

He was but twenty-five when he took the great gamble which made and marred his life. He raised the wind to buy out Garrick, and became manager of Drury Lane, and though for many years he derived a big income in thousands a year from the theatre, he never again cleared himself from debt

The Apex of His Triumphs.—A year later (*æt.* twenty-six) he produced his own masterpiece, *The School for Scandal*, at his own theatre. It made him the chief lion of London society and confirmed him for all time as the dramatist whose influence on the English stage in comedy is second only to Shakespeare's

The fame and popularity of this charming and accomplished couple soared. Sheridan was elected to the Literary Club, presided over by Dr. Johnson, and became the friend and intimate of Fox and his Devonshire House circle. By 1780 his thoughts had turned to politics; he was elected to Brooks's and returned to Parliament for Stafford. He succeeded in Parliament instantly, his powers of oratory, his clear head and his sincerity and power of work, being generously and widely recognised. He was chosen (a neophyte) to conduct the case of the Begums of Oude in the Hastings trial—no need to speak here of that sustained five and a half hours of dazzling, epoch-making oratory, before which even levelheaded men declared that the best efforts of Cicero paled. Burke acknowledged a master. The speech is lost. We cannot judge for ourselves.

DOWNLAND TO CORN: A BERKSHIRE PANORAMA. A view on the downs near Blewbury, looking towards the Thames Valley, showing a large acreage of downland which has been reclaimed for the growing of wheat. A recent report prepared for the Ministry of Agriculture stated that about 1,250,000 acres of grassland were ploughed in the 1942-43 season, and the expected increase of tillage over 1942 is 750,000 acres. Harvest prospects are good: the wheat is standing up well, with the promise of heavy heads

A man who had won such glory while still in the twenties might be pardoned if he lost his head. Yet (against the background of his times and fashions) Sheridan kept his head, his heart, his sense and sensibility, to the admiration of a fair-minded posterity. The brilliance of his triumphs ended when he turned thirty. (Indeed, was there more to win?) He lived on to 1816, and the lies and misrepresentations of the vulgar grew thick and thicker round him, and troubled and wounded him. He was often in financial difficulties, for he was a mixture of fecklessness and shrewdness, of recklessness and good sense, of generosity and quixotism, of pessimism and optimism. But his *Hansard* record in Parliament clearly proves that he could slog on in hack work.

The Lies That Will Not Die.—He never sank into sottishness. He drank to excess but less and less as he grew older, living in a world in which intemperance, libertinism and reckless gambling were viewed as venial faults in public life. The Regent's favour was a curse of his life—he could not sustain the pace of the Pavilion circle. Whatever his failings as a husband, he never lost the love of either of his wives, and he was consistently a loving and tender father. He left his family adequately provided for: at the end he drew £800 a year from the Duchy of Cornwall Receivership, and his debts at his death were trivial. Compared with Fox, he was a careful economist; compared with Pitt, he was an ascetic; compared with Brougham, he was a man of supreme restraint and common sense. Compared with almost any politician of his day, he was an idealist and quixotic in his notions and practice in the matter of bribery and jobbery and nest-feathering. He refused the gift of £20,000 made him by the American Congress. He refused a sinecure of £2,000 a year offered as a party sop. And compared with any man of genius and brilliance, or even of wit, in our history, he put every rival lamp clean out at the apex of his triumphs. And then that pauper's funeral with the bailiffs brawling over the body! This must be the *locus classicus* of vulgar error obstinately persisted in. It was originally put abroad by the Regent and encouraged by Croker and perpetuated by Moore. Yet only a week after his death his son wrote from Fulham Palace to another son: "Our father had every attention and comfort that could make a death-bed easy." Another, a near friend, wrote at the same time: "He had three of the first physicians of London every day. . . . The Bishop of London saw him many times, and Lord Lauderdale did all he could for his affairs."

But what are facts, documents of proven legal evidence, to sensation-mongers? Nothing at all. But citations from contemporary and Victorian prejudice and prudery, from Moore to Mrs. Oliphant, and clippings from the contemporary gossip columns of the *General Evening Post*, the *Morning Chronicle* or the *Bath Scavenger*—whose language and innuendoes were even dirtier and slimier and more slanderous than those which minister to the appetites of the gutter-feeders of our own day—are worthy of record still by modern biographers of a popular kind, and are clear proof of "St. Cecilia's" immorality and of Sheridan's shame and sottishness.

What is evidence? What is truth? Read the letters he wrote to the Creeveys in "the last stages of his sottish decline." Read *The Times* obituary on the day after his death. *The Times* had no great reason to love him, but wrote: "He was [in a period of able men and trying circumstances] regarded as the most popular specimen in the British Senate of political consistency, intrepidity and honour." Read Sir James Mackintosh's considered and cool judgment of the man.

Small wonder that Creevey summed up Moore's *Life of Sheridan* in one word: *Damnable*. It is the *mot juste*. Moore wrote carelessly and relied on contemporary prejudice and hearsay—he, at least, was in a position to know better.

The latest study I have seen (by Campbell Dixon, in *English Wits* [1940]) is a remarkable instance of the most effective of all ways of "teaching the rest to sneer." He sets up the old slanders in a row of Aunt Sallies and proceeds to half-demolish them in turn. And the ghost of "poor Sherry" may well cry from the Elysian Fields: "Save me from my friends—*et dona ferentes*!" Thus is Hollywood history written.

The New London Stage Productions

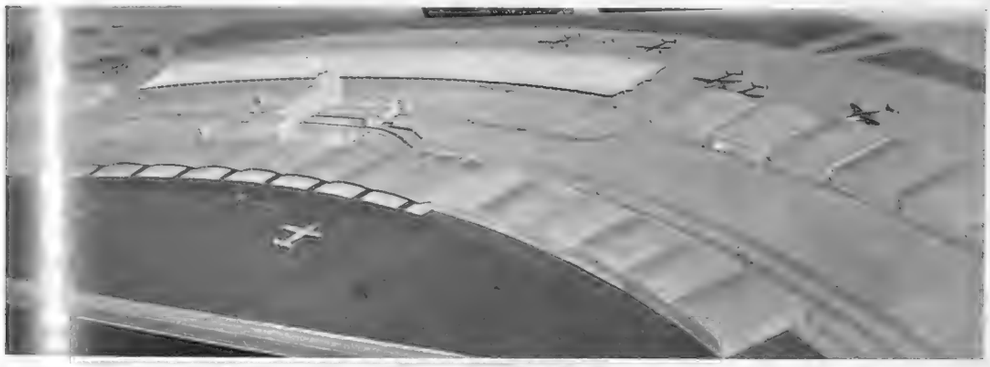
Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"LOTTIE DUNDASS."—Rare indeed are good plays about the theatre and "backstage" life. Until the production of Miss Enid Bagnold's play at the Vaudeville I would have said there were only two—*Trelawney of the Wells* and *The Light of Heart*. In some ways *Lottie Dundass* is better than either—and that not merely because it is a thriller which really does thrill. There is a grim, macabre flavour about it which is never relaxed yet never becomes monotonous. Its heroine is a vastly pretty young actress who is also a dangerous mental case. Her grandfather had been a great actor, but her father was mainly concerned with Broadmoor, whither he had been sent for murderous lunacy. As one might have expected, Lottie herself also commits murder, but saves herself and other people a lot of trouble by dying of heart-failure shortly afterwards. Such Grand Guignolish horror might have been ludicrous had it been forced; but it is never forced, and much is owed to the immaculate direction by Miss Irene Hentschel. The acting also is perfect. If Lottie, played by Miss Ann Todd, were supposed to be sane, one would have labelled this a gross case of over-acting, for she shouted and flung herself about and was generally unpleasant. But in the circumstances Miss Todd was, I suspect, exactly right. Dame Sybil Thorndike, in probably the smallest part she has played for years, made her mother a pathetic figure, and I thought Miss Renee Ascherson admirable as a sympathetic friend of the family. *Lottie Dundass* hardly provides a lively evening. But it is a notable play and should be seen.

Everyman.—Some years ago it became the vogue to turn symphonies into ballets. So why not symphonic poems? Thus we have the old morality play, *Everyman* (or chunks of it) ballet-fied to the accompaniment of the three best symphonic poems—Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," "Til Eulenspiegel" and "Tod und Verklarung." The arrangement of these has been done superbly by Mr. Ernest Irving, and it cannot have been an easy job. The result is by far the best effort of the International Ballet Company at the Lyric. If I found the musical interest paramount this is not to say that the stage spectacle and the dancing of Miss Mona Inglesby, Mr. Harold Turner and the exquisite Miss Nina Tarakanova fall short in any way

LONDON'S FUTURE AIRPORT: and FOOD BOMBS for SEAMEN

THE AIRPORT OF THE FUTURE: Mr. F. G. Miles, noted aircraft designer, discussing the models with Mr. Guy Morgan, the architect, who has made a close study of the subject. London's airport of the future will cost approximately £20,000,000 to build. It will have runways 2¼ miles long to accommodate the giant air liners which are now being designed: it will handle 8,000,000 passengers a year from all parts of the world, as well as huge quantities of important freight. This is the practical proposition which has been put forward by Mr. F. G. Miles after long and careful study of the whole question. To give the whole project a real and practical basis, an actual site on the Thames has been chosen, but the lay-out and general principles are equally applicable to any other suitable site. The actual design is the work of Mr. Guy Morgan, the architect. In addition to the great runways for land-based aircraft, it is proposed to construct a lagoon for flying boats, or a basin with access to the Thames Estuary. Between the aerodromes and the lagoon will be placed the main airport buildings, thus providing all the advantages of single control, economy of structure and rapid transport. The airport buildings will contain a main railway station, linked with sub-stations on the edge of the airfield, and for the convenience of passengers there will also be an hotel, restaurant and cinema



A MODEL OF THE £20,000,000 AIRPORT, showing a fog-free site capable of dealing with 8,000,000 passengers a year. The seaplane lagoon will be used for overseas traffic. This model is now on view in London

LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON AT WORK IN AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY. The wife of the Minister of Production (the Hon. Oliver Lyttelton) is now a "general hand" at a factory which builds all kinds of trailers for the Ministry of Aircraft Production. She works at a bench making fittings used for packing delicate aircraft parts, and is known to her workmates as plain "Mrs. Lyttelton." Usually she lunches in the factory canteen. Lady Moira Lyttelton is a daughter of the 10th Duke of Leeds: she was married in 1920, and has three sons and a daughter

FOOD "BOMBS" DROPPED FROM THE AIR FOR SHIPWRECKED SEAMEN: One of the U.S. coastguard seaplanes which are used and how they carry the "bombs" slung beneath each wing

"SURVIVORS" IN A SMALL DINGHY demonstrate the use of the food "bomb" at sea. Each of these contains medical supplies and food

WHAT THE FOOD "BOMB" CONTAINS—vital supplies for merchantmen shipwrecked at sea by enemy action. The work of sustaining life in sailors of the Allied Merchant Navy who have been cast adrift at sea as the result of the torpedoing of their vessel is making steady progress in both Britain and the United States. To the many devices already used, the U.S. has now contributed the "food bomb," to supply survivors on the high seas with medical supplies and concentrated foods. The "bombs" are dropped by seaplanes operated by the U.S. Coastguard Service, which carry them under each wing. The contents include seven cans of water, a first-aid kit, a pint of whisky, two packages of concentrated food rations, cigarettes, matches and can-opener. In the left background of the above picture is the old-style Navy "milk can," which was previously used

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A DIVERSE ASSORTMENT OF BOOKS

An Author-Photographer in Burma; The Letters of a Tory Gentleman; Norway Under the Nazi Jackboot; War Stories by Fighting Men

IT is natural that the best part of Mr. George Rodger's book, RED MOON RISING (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.), should be the photographs, and this is no invidious comment, since he is the brilliant photographer of *Life* and *Time* magazines. But the author's lively prose has its own merits, and his descriptions of what he saw in Burma are frank, realistic, and effective. His might be called an ideal style for a photographer.

Mr. Rodger was on an assignment in Burma as an accredited war correspondent, and his story covers the Burma campaign of 1942. In Rangoon he got a story, and a good one, about the American Volunteer Group, better known as the Flying Tigers. Then he travelled north to cover the transport of

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD LONDONER who produces a "one-man" magazine. Leonard Jacobs is a London boy who is now a pre-medical student at the University of Chicago: he has recently won high praise for articles written specially for his mimeographed magazine, *Transatlantic*, founded and edited by himself. Devoted to American topics, about 150 copies of each edition are printed—mostly for distribution in Britain

supplies to Chiang Kai-Shek's hard-pressed armies in China. He did most of his travelling On The Road To Mandalay by jeep, which was scarcely in the Kipling tradition, and he reached the Burma Road, of which he has taken photographs of great beauty.

Like all good correspondents, Mr. Rodger likes to be where the fighting is fiercest, and he followed the battle of Shwegyin, the fighting on the Tounggoo front, the bombing of Tharzi, and the fall of Mandalay. He travelled from Central Burma into India with a colleague, making his way across the Northern Naga Mountains. They were possibly the first white men to have taken this route.

It was fire and destruction all the way. Most of the time Mr. Rodger went by jeep, across rivers and through jungles in the indomitable little machine until swamps and precipices compelled him to go by foot. Scenes of peace and tranquillity which he describes and illustrates were engulfed in the horror of war as the Japs crept forward to silence the happy laughter and extinguish the charm of Burma under their rule.

DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN (Burns Oates. 8s. 6d.) is a shrewd and subtle defence of a West Country squire and Tory of the old school. It is a novel, but it takes the form of a collection of letters supposed to be written by the hero; letters in which for the most part the major Tory beliefs are set out and expounded.

Robert Fossett is the agreeable if Blimpish central character, the third son of a wealthy Somerset squire. He has a distinguished but not offensively virtuous career at Eton, plays cricket at Lord's two years, and in 1914 enters Sandhurst. He spends most of the war on the Western Front, reaching the rank of captain. After 1918, his father and brothers being dead, he inherits the family estate and a Conservative seat in Parliament. His chief political activity is his fight with the Government on the Irish question. This disgusts him with politics, and he decides to retire to his estate and bring up a family as a good country gentleman should.

In his leisure he plays County cricket, but after 1926 keeps to club and village games. Besides cultivating his land, necessity compels Fossett to earn money outside the village, and he becomes interested in a firm manufacturing perambulator canopies. In 1931 he again enters politics and eventually proves himself an unrepentant Munich and a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain. When war comes he joins up at once and is killed in the fighting at Calais in the summer of 1940.

Mr. Christopher Hollis writes with wit and the gentlest kind of satiric intention. There is some clever casuistry in the book, but there is no denying that, argument apart, the story itself is of extreme dullness, relieved only infrequently by such flashes as ". . . and that is why I like Roosevelt—because he is a gentleman. This would not matter twopence in a monarchy . . . but it is most important in such a country as America."

There have lately been a number of books about the Nazi occupation of Norway, of which perhaps the best was written by the young Mayor of Narvik. The newest addition to this list, and a distinguished one, is Mr. Tor Myklebost's THEY CAME AS FRIENDS (Gollancz. 6s.). It has none of the human quality of Mr. Broch's book, but its cold, dry statement of facts carries conviction as well as any emotional outburst.

The book is an account of the situation in Norway from the first attempts of the Germans to put across the fairy-story that they come as friends and need co-operation. Then, as this is refused to them by the Norwegians, we see events in their true light. All attempts to form a Norwegian Fascist Party are a dismal failure, and Quisling's commands are ignored. The established unions, societies and workers' groups in the whole of Norway stand firm.

It is then that the Germans resort to their well-known technique of trying to create distrust among the people, but this, too, fails. Radios are confiscated, but the London broadcasts, giving full details of the absent Government's movements, are published. The Church enters the fight against the Germans; the schoolteachers stand together through torture and imprisonment. There is no longer any talk of co-operation.

Heydrich flies to Norway, and new prison camps and new horrors follow. All the time young men are escaping in their hundreds to England, where they can continue the fight. The food shortage becomes serious and many Norwegians face starvation. Quisling is appointed Minister, but his power is limited to the paper on which it is defined. The book ends, as such a book must end, on a note of hope, with Norway standing four-square before the future.

A LONDON DANCER MARRIES AN AMERICAN PILOT. Miss Prudence Hyman and Lieut. R. Hull (of the U.S. Army Air Corps), who comes from Indiana, at their marriage at the Chelsea Register Office a few days ago. Miss Hyman is a graceful dancer who has appeared in classical ballet and is now in *The Magic Carpet* at the Princes Theatre

EVERYMAN TO HIS POST (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of war stories told in the first person by fighting men and faithfully recorded and edited by Mr. Allan Michie. The technique of this first-person reporting was born out of the difficulty of vividly reporting for a picture magazine a war which could not be photographed. The author's solution has been to turn to the soldiers and sailors and airmen themselves, to draw their stories from them, and to set them down as nearly as possible in their own words.

In this volume perhaps the best section is *Britain's Lawrences of Abyssinia*, an account of one of the most remarkable guerilla wars in history, and based on personal conversations with the handful of British officers who organised and led it. In this there is a particularly interesting passage about Brigadier Orde-Wingate—"something of a Jeremiah and Isaiah combined."

Among the exploits recorded are the Commando raid on Dieppe, the R.A.F. daylight attack on Le Creusot, which the narrator, one of the Lancaster pilots, describes as "a lovely piece of cake," and an account of the hand-to-hand fighting on Crete.

Two more long stories from the pen of the late Mrs. Alice Duer Miller are published under the title NEVER TO MARRY (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), but I had read halfway through the first story before I realised that it had been written almost twenty years ago, although now appearing for the first time in this country. If one can recover from the vaguely cheated feeling that this gives, one finds Mrs. Miller at the top of her form, the competence of her technique unquestioned and the writing as smooth as an excellent *crème caramel*. There is little of the banal about this writer's invention. The first tale concerns a beautiful woman in love with higher mathematics, and the second a kind of fairy-story with a twist about a

THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, Miss Jadwiga Pilsudska, is now serving as a pilot with A.T.A., the ferry service maintained by the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Note the "Poland" flash on her uniform

New York schoolgirl and a duke. Both make good reading, even though they are set in that never-never land of the 'twenties.

The old, old controversy comes to light again this week. Did Bacon, in fact, write Shakespeare's plays? Mr. Roderick Eagle has tackled the problem in SHAKESPEARE: NEW VIEWS FOR OLD (Rider. 10s. 6d.), and evidently solved it to his own satisfaction, since his book concludes with the words: "Francis Bacon has not yet come into his own, but the day is not far distant when his name will be on every lip, and the immensity of his work for humanity will at long last be fully realised."

In this fresh examination of evidence, the method chiefly followed is the printing of parallel passages from the works of the two writers, as, for example, extracts from *Othello* beside extracts from Bacon's essay, *Of Cunning*. There are special chapters on other aspects of the problem—Hamlet and contemporary history, the relevance of *The Tempest* to Shakespeare's own life, the theory that "only an actor could have written the plays," Shakespeare and Italy, how spurious Shakespeare relics are exploited, and so on.

This reader, however, remains unconvinced, and feels that the book does not deal conscientiously with the many and weighty objections to the theory. At the end of the book is printed a memorandum of the Bacon Society, Inc., one of whose expressed objects is "to encourage study of the evidence in favour of Bacon's authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakspere."

THE LOVES OF LOUIS XIV (John Long. 16s.) is just about what the title implies. Mr. Michael Glenne has found rich material in the Court of *Le Roi Soleil*, and he has used it with the greatest zest. A book of this design does not call for restraint, which is fortunate since it does not appear to be among the author's literary qualities.

From Louis's seduction at the age of sixteen by the old and hideous Madame de Beauvais to his years with Madame de Maintenon, the book seems to miss no incident in the King's spectacular love life, concerned only with this aspect of his long and magnificent reign. There is no attempt at a sketch of Louis's character, and the only relief from the long, long trail of amours is given by a few glimpses of the grandeur and squalor of the Court itself.

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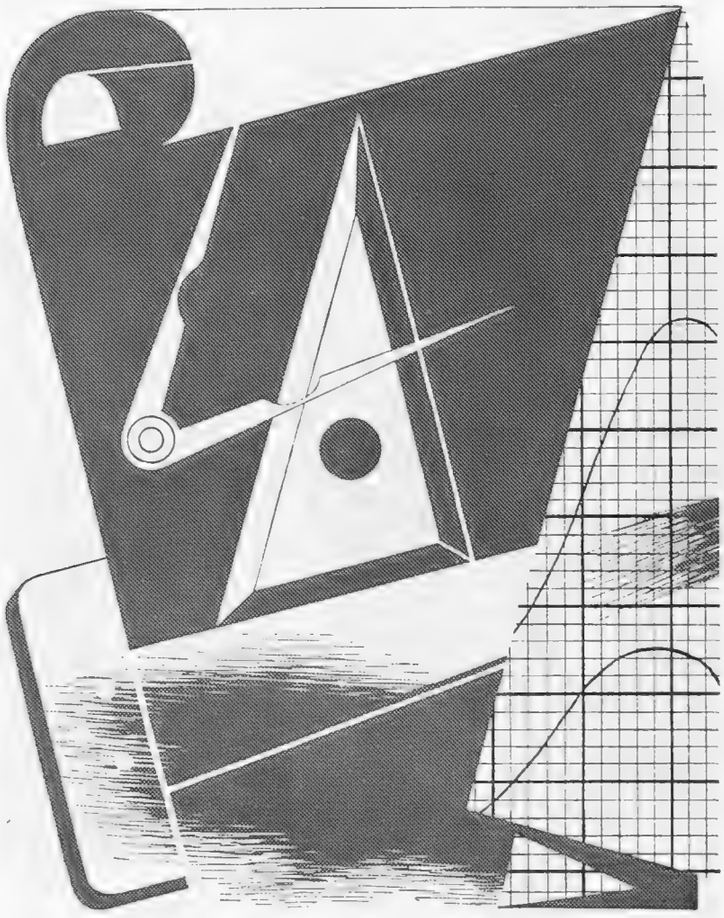

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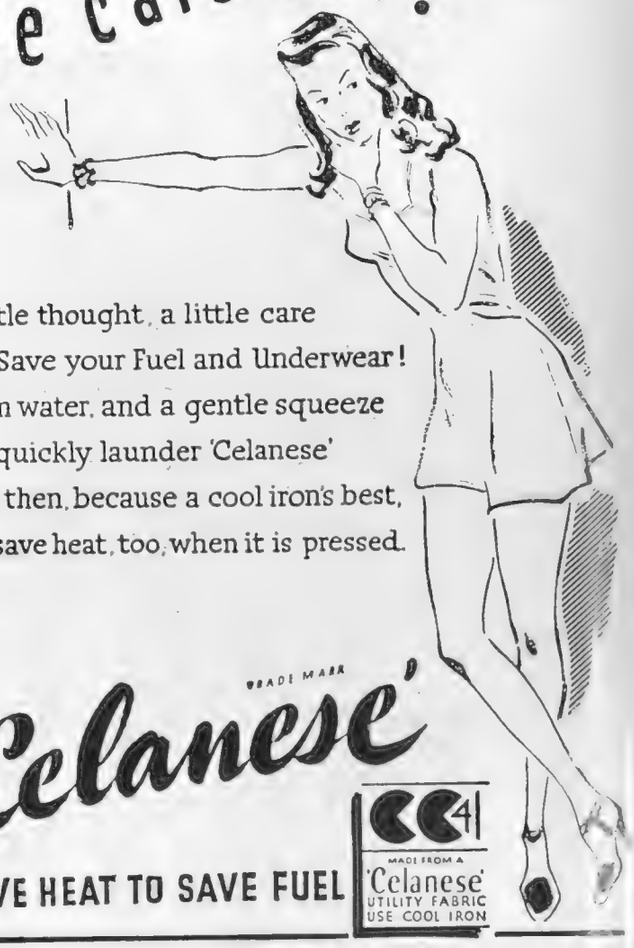

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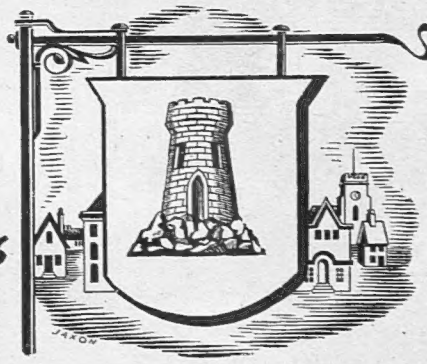

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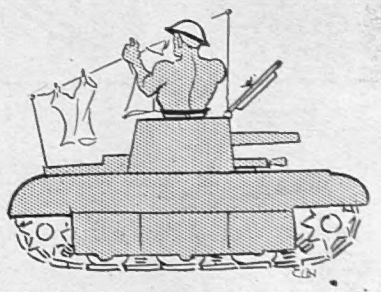

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